

MASIFORM D 3

December 15, 1976

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Devra Michele Langsam, Editor

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all of the above

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"I have read The Collector, by Gerry Stout and found no major discrepancies with the "Known Space" line of history. However, the story is not to be considered part of the main line."

Larry Niven

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Joyce (the proofrotter) did find the syllabification mistakes, but I was too rushed and too tired to fix them.

Super special thanks to Steve Rosenstein for repairing the mimeo on hysterical short notice Sunday afternoon.

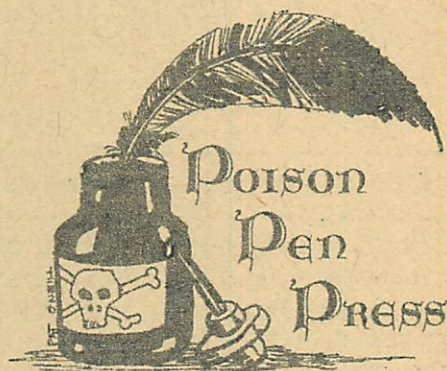
STOKALINE

AN EDITORIAL

Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever be able to open an editorial without apologizing for being late. This issue is a bit later than usual, it having been more than 18 months since the last issue. Ah, well.

The really big change in my life was our move. Moving my father, cat, and thirty-nine years' worth of ~~junk~~ possessions was quite incredible--in the same way that Mt. Everest is a rather high hill. Now, more than four months later, we have everything in place except a) a wall bookcase, large b) a wall bookcase, small c) one LARGE mirror d) all the pictures e) half my father's tools, and f) 5-6 cartons of assorted stuff. A mere nothing. My sister Miriam swears she'll go through the 5-6 boxes of stuff when she comes to visit, but I'm not holding my breath.

Now that we're in a new place, I'm making myself over (why not, you say) into a small business. It was last year's income tax that did it. As a small business, I can deduct con expenses, postage, some rent, professional literature (for which, read sf and fanzines) and a host of other things I'd have bought anyway. So, I got myself certified. (No personal comments, please.) Poison Pen Press. Pat O'Neill did the artwork, and Steve Rosenstein the press-type. ta-DA! Ain't it neat?



627 EAST 8th ST. • BROOKLYN, NY 11218

I wish to apologize (again) to the many unfortunate contributors who have waited so long to see themselves in print. I have (very) faint hopes of printing more often now (maybe)

The Vulcan religious leaders, Saint and T'Pope. . .
Pat O'Neill



that we're not doing STcons, but . . . I'm chairing the '77 Lunacon here in NYC (L Sprague and Catherine de Camp, GoHs.) Also, T-K Graphics, which reprinted some SPOCKANALIA articles in a little booklet entitled "Vulcan Reflections," has gotten VR into the Walden Books chain. Since my name/address is in VR, a many eager Trekkiebodies have been writing to me, which takes mucho time.

Fortunately, Joyce Yasner and I are done with the work on the ST fanthology we're compiling. It should go to Bantam Books for consideration Real Soon Now.

I'm very happy to say that my copyright dispute with said Bantam Books has been settled. They had neglected to include my copyright statement when they published a story drawn from SPOCKANALIA #5 in The New Voyages. People told me that I should ask for money, too, but I hate fights (9 parts chicken, that's me).

I meant to try printing the cover of thish on my mimeo,

Kandor is a Klingon press agent--Wendy Lindboe

(which would have meant two-color work with very close register) but decided it'd be better on heavy stock, so my ~~faithful~~ faithful printer will do it. Sometimes I think I'm running PPP for him; whenever I get any money, it goes right to him (just like in MONOPOLY).

Amanda Bankier and I did a Free Amazons of Darkover group (if 2 is a group) at the Worldcon costume ball. (MANY, many thanks to Elyse Rosenstein, who did the actual sewing, and all the time-consuming, tedious embroidery, and to Barbara Wenk, who lent me the shirt off her back, the dagger from her belt, and her brother's cloak.) We did not win anything, but. . . Marion Zimmer Bradley, author of the Darkover books, told me that the costume was EXACTLY as she'd envisioned it. woopie!!

Every issue, I vow to wait until the rest of the zine is complete before writing the editorial, so it won't all be stale news by the time it's printed. . . and every damn time. . .

Please note: I got Larry Niven's permission to print the "Speaker" story. Anyone else who wants to write and publish stories in Mr. Niven's 'world' must get his permission to do so. Mr. Niven says that, contrary to his previous statement, he is considering writing more of the "Known Space" stories.

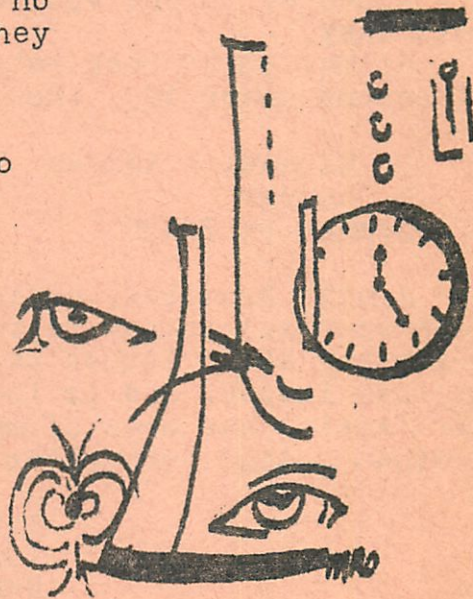
Upward! I'd like to thank Karina Girsdanský for taking care of MAREK my car while I was in England, and on other occasions too numerous to list. Thankee.

It looks like we got out of the Trek-con business just in time. 4-5 of the big 'pro-run' cons after ours have lost pots of money. I don't think that Trek interest is failing, but just that there were too many big cons, too close together in time and place. Also, the stars were pricing themselves out of the market, and having to pay royalties to show the episodes (at LEAST \$600 per) was the final straw. I suspect that the small local cons may endure--at least I hope they will.

Did I mention that fans are strange? That poem by Pat Huffman was a real letter--sent just that way-- a genuine LoC. Strange.

Kromium is one Klingon you can really take a shine to--
Marnie Ellingson

Do you realize that Gestetner is no longer packing stencils in quires? They now sell them in packages of 50--the quire is abandoned. (From the Old French quaer: a set of 4 sheets of parchment or paper doubled so as to form 8 leaves, a common unit in medieval mss; hence, any collection or gathering of leaves, one within the other, in a ms. or printed book. Also, 24 (formerly 25) sheets of writing paper.--OED, Q-p 69. First written use in English circa 1450. And 'quire' in the sense of an unsewn or unbound set of pages is even older, going back to 1275.) So much for tradition. (Though how you come to get 24 from a word originally meaning either 4 or 8 is hard to see. . .)



You may perhaps find it strange that I have two articles on Vulcans and emotion in this issue, but they present such different views and materials that I thought it worthwhile and interesting to print them together--for contrast and comparison, as it were.

And, as usual, I need material for future issues. As of now, I have an article comparing the original script of "City" and the final aired version, and several poems. (Poems are a bit like coat-hangers; they seem to proliferate in closets and dark boxes.) I need lotsa articles and stories, and artwork. I usually try to have illustrations done specifically for individual stories, but articles, poetry, and editorial maunderings get general art from the file. Right now I'm particularly short of small, 1/4 page (3"x4") illos on both ST and general sf themes. Art should be on thin white paper, and should be drawn in India ink, black ballpoint, or black magic marker. (India is best, she said wistfully.) You get a free copy of the issue where your material appears.

The KRAITH Spock has no morals, only patterns--Maureen Wilson

After 35 issues, Ruth Berman is finally stopping new issues of her fanzine, T-NEGATIVE. Ah, well, she had a long run for someone who was only going to publish her own script ideas.

If you haven't read it already, by all means get a copy of Night of the Twin Moons, a sarek-and-amanda novel by Jean Lorräh. It's pro quality, but, as Jean says, who pro publisher is going to believe there's interest in characters who only appeared in one episode and one animation? The more fools they.

NotTM, \$3.25 book rate, \$4.50 1st class. Not for sale to persons under 16. (Now you know, heh heh.) Order from:

Dr Michael N Amsden
4 Chaucer
Orange TX 77630

OR

Dr Jean Lorräh
301 S 15 St
Murray KY 42071

Judith Brownlee, having produced a handsome boy (David Brownlee-Peak) is now reproducing ERIDANI TRIAD, with an eye to getting all 3 issues back in print. She is also planning some new issues, and is looking for contributions to issue 4. This fanzine has some of my favorite stories (including one of mine). SASE for prices on the old issues.

Judith Brownlee
1553 Fillmore St
Denver CO 80206

Selek cozened Sarek (cousined?)

Current rumors on the status of the ST movie are, as usual, vague. The last I heard was that they were getting 2 Englishmen to do the script, with Roddenberry as the on-the-scenes producer, and someone else doing the paperwork. Rumors about the stars (X will sign; Y won't; they're using all new actors; all the olds stars have signed; NO One's signed) continue. I did see a full-page ad in the New York Times from Paramount--congratulations to the shuttlecraft Enterprise from the starship Enterprise--stay alert for the New All New ST movie, coming Real Soon Now. That's not peanuts, an ad like that, so they are doing something

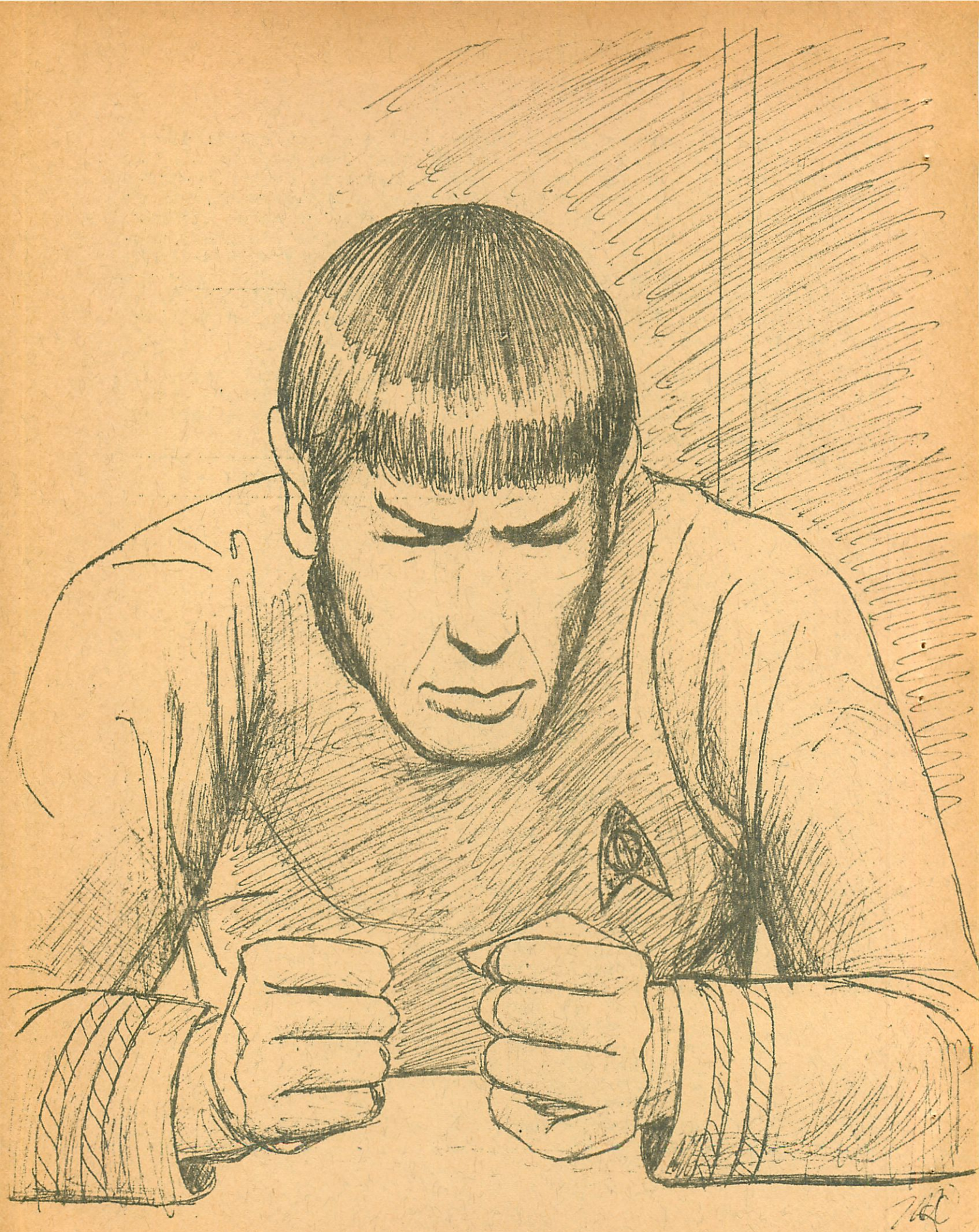
And wasn't it neat, Mr. Ford getting 400,000 letters asking him to name the shuttle after our ship? We didn't even try all that hard, either. I mean, I didn't write a letter . . . (fake fan!)

Kloroform is a terrible bore!--Marnie Ellingson

BEARING

BY NANCY GIUDICE

Life: when he was not yet
two minutes from the womb
they laid him on my stomach
wet and tangled-looking
and wearing accidentally
some of my own blood.
Warm, so warm, I said.
What?
Warm, he's very warm.
I thought how cold it must seem
to him who had been born
only a minute and some ago.
And he breathed and moved,
but I do not remember a cry.
They took him away,
arm's length, but I could not reach,
arm's length, but I could not touch.
I lay and watched him
move and breath under the light,
and remembered
that he was warm.
Life.



EMOTIONAL HONESTY

and

PROPER SOCIAL BEHAVIOR AMONG VULCANS

taking into account

(1) telepathy

(2) social signals and senses

by Lee Burwasser

Good day, gentles. I'm happy to see so many of you attending, for once, though I know why. Today we begin that section which your samizdat handbook (Yes, we all know about it; I get my copy every year.)--your underground, totally unofficial handbook has seen fit to call: "Getting the Better of Vulcans."

If that was what decided you to take this course, I can give it to you in one sentence: Be a Vulcan. If you can't manage that, be a telepath and have vision as good as a Vulcan's. If you're stuck with your own mind and your own eyes, forget it.

I remind you of the purpose of these lectures: to acquaint you with the physical and physiological facts behind the customs of other species, with special emphasis on those customs which seem at first glance meaningless and nonfunctional to earthmen, mainly because they would be nonfunctional in us.

We first consider telepathy. (I trust you have all read the Hellman-Grayson paper on telepathic conventions among Vulcans.)

Returning yet again to the classic Muta case: you are a member of a race that does not use sound communication, because you are all deaf. Before you came among earthmen, you learned to read lips. You overhear--oversee--a conversation containing the following passage. "She's Queen of Hell until a meaner bitch comes along, and I'll believe that when I see it."

All right--you, you, you--put three different meanings to that sentence, by inflection and tone of voice. You begin,

For those of you who're counting, that's the third time we've done this. A non-telepath cannot be too aware that he is a blind man in the kingdom of the sighted, deaf among people who can hear, when he deals with telepathic races.

Now, if the objecters will kindly wait, we shall get down to specifics.

To begin with, we all know that Vulcans do not normally converse telepathically. They wear their mind shields the way some cultures wear clothes, going without in only the most intimate situations.

At this point we shift metaphors, from sight to sonar. The analogy is familiar to anyone who's dealt with dolphins. While our senses involve passive receptors, the sonar sense involves an active initiator; telepathy, too, involves active initiation on the part of the sensing mind.

Whether this is a general characteristic of telepathic sensors is a question we shall not go into on company time. We are concerned only with the fact that it is characteristic of telepathy among Vulcans. The mind being sensed is aware of the sensing, and can usually identify the sensor. (1) Unlike certain other facets of telepathy, this has never been studied experimentally, nor even much talked about. We know this, much and no more.

We do have complete accounts of Vulcans eavesdropping on other species. Since this happens only when the demands of the situation are such as to overcome the characteristic Vulcan regard for mental privacy, they inevitably find their way into some official record.

As is to be expected, different species have differing sensitivity to telepathic eavesdropping. Our Kelvan neighbors, for instance, are quite sensitive, and their mindshield reflex is rather violent. (2) The people of Eminiar, on the other hand, can be listened in on without ever realizing it. They can even be influenced telepathically. (3)

I choose these races out of the Leonid Casebook for a reason. The folk of Eminiar lack the telepathic sense as thoroughly as most earthmen. Their inability to sense telepathic spying, or to resist telepathic influence, is only normal. The Kelvan are also telepathically deaf--why, then, do they possess a mindshield reflex, and the sensory alarms to go with it?

Don't all shout at once. Yes, the Kelvan are a special case; the work of deliberate design and construction on one



species to enable it to use the equipment of another species totally unlike themselves physically. And their work was better than they realized.

Left to itself, evolution does a better job of matching mechanisms. Telepaths can 'hear' each other as readily as one dolphin can hear the sonar signals of another. Specifically, a Vulcan in active telepathic communication is 'audible,' so to speak, to any other telepath in the vicinity. (4). There are no private telepathic conversations when other telepaths are present, unless steps are taken to distract those others.

Why is this significant? Consider the most intimate social signal available to earthmen; touch. One hesitates to speak of 'instinct' in this company, but the impulse to touch someone who is in dire need of aid is, with most of us, a reflex. Ever since first aid manuals have been written, they have included warnings against this reflex. "First, do no harm." Let the victim lie until you know you can move him without hurting him. This has always been a necessary warning, and in all probability will continue to be so while

H. sapiens terrestrialis remains homo sap. Our response to anyone needing aid and comfort is to touch.

For telepaths, the reflex is to touch telepathically. This is their most intimate signal. This response is as dangerous as ours, when the injury is mental rather than physical, and first aid manuals among telepathic species hold the appropriate warning.

Bearing this in mind, consider the following scenario: A being is hurt. With him are a telepath and a nontelepath, a Vulcan and an earthman. The earthman lays a hand on the being's arm, if it has one. (We assume that this is the gesture culturally conditioned in this particular earthman.) The Vulcan seeks contact with the being's mind, without touching him physically. (We assume that he is not intimate with the being, and that the situation does not clearly demand full contact.)

To a telepathic observer, the Vulcan and the earthman are each offering what immediate consolation they can. To a nontelepathic observer, the earthman is offering consolation and the Vulcan is standing off, ignoring the plight of the victim. What is as obvious to a telepath as a physical touch is quite literally beyond the ken of a nontelepath.

Now let's vary the scenario. A being is hurt. With it are an earthman and two Vulcans. The earthman and one of the Vulcans cannot aid it, and it expresses a desire for privacy, so they depart. The second Vulcan is intimate with the being, and can help it, so he ignores the being's request and remains. The door closes behind the departing pair. The remaining Vulcan uses touch-telepathy to give the being some sort of aid--perhaps something as simple as sleep.

Consider the two who left. The Vulcan knows what his con-specific has done. He might as well have seen the second Vulcan touch the being; the closed door is no barrier to his telepathic perception. The earthman has no telepathic perception; to him, a closed door--if sufficiently soundproof--is a closed door. He goes his way, unaware that the second Vulcan has offered what aid he could.

Now remove the first Vulcan. (5) Remove all telepaths from the scene completely. The remaining Vulcan has not been furtive in giving aid. Any telepath would be aware of it--but there are no telepaths near enough to be aware. Therefore, the deed is done in absolute secrecy.

In short, gentles, reflect before you make such a sweeping generalization as (I quote): "Vulcans are not immune to other sophonts' plight, but they are so embarrassed at respond-

ing to it, that they first make sure no one can catch them at it." Reflect that a sighted being among the blind is not 'making sure no one can catch him at it' when he offers a consoling touch without words. Nor is a telepath being furtive, or even shy, when he offers telepathic consolation without visible or audible response. He is simply being a telepath.

We, nontelepaths, cannot ever be certain that we know enough to pass judgment.

Setting aside telepathy, let us now consider familiar social signals that are common to earthmen and Vulcans both.

Like earthmen, Vulcans do most of their social signaling with their faces. Like us, the strongest signals are located at the areas of the eyes and of the mouth. While it has been rumored that some Vulcans have been known to wiggle their ears, this claim has never been substantiated. Vulcan eyebrows, however, are stronger visual signals than ours. This makes possible the 'back fence' configuration.

To earth vision, a Vulcan always and constantly signals "Do NOT Approach/You are NOT Invited Into My Territory." 'Standoffish' is the mildest description of what earthmen consider the universal, constant Vulcan expression. However, the strong eyebrow signals can modify that. A Vulcan can set up, not a wall, but a fence, with this constant signal, and send other, more social signals over that fence. Regard it as an amiable chat between neighbors, each safe in his own back yard. The 'back fence' provides decent social distance without interfering with seemly communication.

It took some time for earthmen to understand this, and most earthmen still do not, because our senses are far less acute than theirs. This fact is obvious on quite brief acquaintance; the social significance of it is not.

The added strength of the social signals a Vulcan sends with his eyebrows is not sufficient for our vision. To an earthman, such signals are still too subtle to read without close and attentive observation. An earthman standing practically on top of a Vulcan can detect these signals, if he looks for them (or has his attention drawn to them.) It does not occur to the average earthman that the average Vulcan will see and interpret them from across a room.

With the advantage of hindsight, this is obvious. All else being equal, a race with more acute senses will evolve more subtle signals. Conversely, where strong signals evolve, one may safely conclude that the species uses them. However, since we are the less gifted race, it was some

time before the existence of the strong signals became known. It is easy for us to say that our predecessors should have made the connection as soon as they realized how much keener Vulcan senses are. Hindsight is always 20/20.

The historical fact is undeniable. It was not until earthmen and Vulcans went into combat together that earthmen learned to read Vulcan faces. Prolonged exposure might have been sufficient in itself, but there was more. The few accounts that we have recovered all state that earthmen began to watch Vulcan faces after receiving independent evidence that there was something to watch for. It is all but impossible for a sane earthman not to watch for social signals in a being that has saved your life or your sanity at the risk of its own. In a large, open environment, we may accept that a race cannot express itself; when we live intimately with other beings and depend on them, we watch for signals.

In a combat situation, an earthman depending on a Vulcan's visual and auditory acuity will watch that Vulcan. Since Vulcans are almost completely humanoid, he will watch



the Vulcan's face. It may take time, but he will learn to interpret Vulcan signals. Eventually, his experience will reach the attention of comparative psychologists.

Combat also brought out a second signal, more abstract to our thinking. A Vulcan does not raise his voice, does not stutter, nor stammer, with emotion, does not repeat himself unnecessarily, does not alter his tone of voice in response to social circumstances. He does alter his style of speech.

Vulcans have been known to address earthmen by their nicknames.

I'm glad to see, gentles, that this is not such a bomb-shell to you as it is to far too many earthmen.

There is precedent in Vulcan culture. Some Vulcans have earned sobriquets among their fellows. Besides such purely descriptive epithets as the famous Spock the Hybrid, there are laudatory epithets, such as T'Peress the Peacemaker and Surak the Father of All We Became, as well as the more ambiguous Selek Panicmaster. It is not unheard-of for a Vulcan to be addressed by his sobriquet alone by his intimates, in moments when intimacy is proper. Nor is it entirely unheard-of for a Vulcan to use a nickname in addressing an earth intimate, when intimacy is proper.

At such times, a Vulcan may also use less formal (earth) speech than usual. He does not suddenly use slang, or in-group jargon, or anything so obvious. Nor does he use what an earthman would regard as normal colloquial speech. Instead, each Vulcan seems to evolve his own informal usage. Sometimes it amounts to a spare, strict poetry. At no time is it readily noticeable to the casual listener, unless accompanied by a clear signal such as the use of a nickname.

If you have been studying your assigned casebooks, with particular attention to Log Entries from Crisis Situations, this is no news to you. Nor should it be news that an earthman who is that intimate with a Vulcan tends to regard him as 'my' Vulcan--a unique, special Vulcan, belonging of course to a unique, special earthman. From this there naturally follows the feeling that no other Vulcan is intimate with earthmen, no other earthman is intimate with a Vulcan. This intimacy is characteristically regarded as a private, almost secret thing. If this had not shown up in the Crisis Logs tape section, it would never have come to the attention of the comparative psychologists.

Details of this behavior, including apparent inconsistencies, will be taken up in the discussion period. For a general overview, let us get down to cases.

[Omitted: casebook specifics
discussion period]

A short recap, gentles: when dealing with Vulcans, we are automatically excluded from all the subtler social signals by our inferior sight and hearing, and from even the most obvious telepathic signals by our complete lack of that sense. The natural courtesy of Vulcans insures that we are not left out entirely, but none of us will ever achieve anything remotely like intimacy without marrying one. Or something equally drastic.

However, we can train ourselves to make the best use of available cues. Watch the eyebrows, not the mouth--and remember that the signals will never be obvious to earthmen. Listen for style of speech rather than tone of voice--don't expect an obvious clue like a nickname in conversation before strangers. And never forget that there is no way to make up for our lack of telepathy.

With regard to Vulcans with non-Vulcan friends: they will be more experienced in communicating socially with non-telepaths, but their regard for their alien friends will make them reserve private intimacies for when they are in private. And to a Vulcan, all intimacy is private.

Remember, our own culture is not precisely unembarrassed at public intimacy. When an earthman aids a close friend, the exchange is likely to be on the order of, "Thanks, old man." "Don't mention it. You'd do the same for me." This is not coldness, but cultural restraint. A look or a touch is more likely to convey true feelings than words are.

There is no great difference in an exchange more characteristic of Vulcans; "Well done." "I am pleased that it meets with your approval, sir." An earthman cannot sense what two Vulcans exchange telepathically. An earthman might see the one glance over to the other and raise an eyebrow or fractionally nod his head, if he watches for it, but the signal will be so slight and so fleeting that only Vulcan senses can be sure of catching it. (6) An earthman, gentles, should never call Vulcans cold or unfeeling, simply because they do not express concern in a manner that earthmen can see and understand.

Specifically, gentles, never demand what earthmen are pleased to call 'human' responses from a Vulcan. If he is not familiar with earthmen, you will only confuse him. If he is familiar with us, you will confirm him in the low opinion Vulcans have on occasion expressed of earthmen. You

will be demanding of him an emotional commitment you yourself do not make--unless you are in the habit of rushing up to your acquaintances with shrieks and kisses after an hour's separation, or similar wildly emotional scenes.

For our next meeting, gentles, review the reptiloid section of your Handbook of Sensory-cues, and your Casebook of Gorn-Earth Interactions.



- (1) "Is there in truth no beauty?" Recall that Spock is no great telepath, for a Vulcan.
- (2) "By any other name." There is no evidence of the Kelvan reading anybody's mind, but they threw Spock out of theirs.
- (3) "A taste of Armageddon."
- (4) "Is there in truth no beauty?" Not only was Spock aware of Miranda trying to ESPy his thoughts, she knew he was trying to reach the Medusan.
- (5) "Requiem for Methuselah."--ending
- (6) "Journey to Babel." Expecting a pair of telepaths to express a private social interaction in a form that non-telepaths could listen in on was most illogical.

THE FREE ENTERPRISE

BY SUNDRY

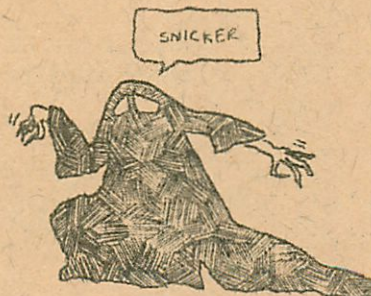
Reported by Teri Howard

IT'S A FACT that out of 113 female crewmembers, there is one actively lowering her hemline. That's right; the last time I saw Yeoman M, she had it down to her knees, and was talking about going lower still. The Big E may have the first maxi-uniform in Star Fleet history.

AND SPEAKING OF UFO'S (unidentified falling objects) Mr. Scott is still looking for the smartalec who has been pelting him from above with little green things that look like clover. It's not that they have injured him, but they are getting into the machinery and gumming up the works.

LOGIC IS THE ABILITY to talk a computer into self-destruction.--The captain's handbook on liberating computer controlled societies.

THE OTHER DAY while passing a nearly deserted mess hall, Dr. McCoy heard a plaintive call for 'Help!' Rushing in, he found our girl Jinxie with not one but both of her hands stuck in the food dispenser. She pleaded for help, saying that the thing wouldn't cough up her coffee, pie, and hot beef sandwich. After tugging fruitlessly for a long time, McCoy summoned Mr. Spock, who, after reviewing the situation, took the most logical course of action. He gave her the pinch to relax her and pulled her hands free. Then, as an after-thought, he gave the machine a couple of swift kicks. Not only did he get her order, but a bowl of plomeek soup as well. He certainly has a way with machinery.



FLASH!

Items by Phyllis Johnpoll and Geraldine Stout

INTRODUCTION TIME: It's that time again, folks, when new faces appear in the corridors, and new voices can be heard asking "Just where in this misbegotten ship AM I?" Because of this influx of new personnel, Dr. M has been made the recipient of two blessed events. His two new interns are Vulcans! Ensign J confirmed the doctor's overjoyed outlook with a report of sustained histrionics aimed at both the Captain and the First Officer. According to her, Mr. S seemed vaguely amused by the situation. Dr. M now seems to think that Mr. S somehow managed this on purpose. Warning to Mr. S: one of the said interns has told us that the good doctor has turned all of your future treatment over to her and her fellow intern. Rotsa ruck, Commander!

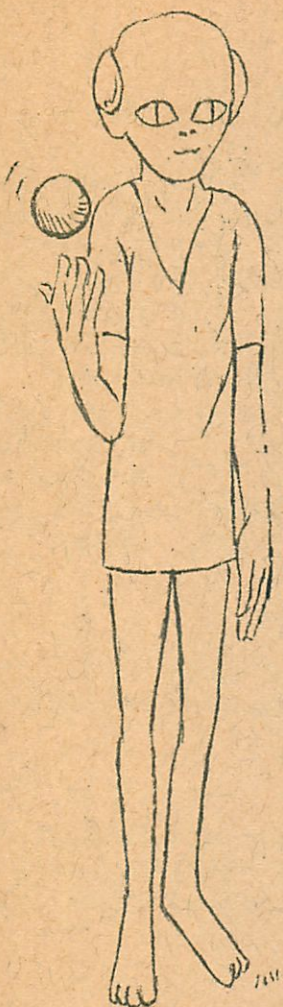
ACCORDING TO RUMOR INC, Engineering is planning to go on strike. Their demands: better food for the hamsters and new rubberbands.

SNIP SNIP: Ok, boys, it's time to get your haircuts renewed, Mr. S was seen yesterday with a pair of garden shears, chopping off the long locks from a few Ensigns' heads. Unfortunately, two of the Ensigns were female.

TO SAVE TIME, PLEASE BACK INTO OFFICE: The biannual inoculation season has arrived. Dr. M has been seen with a strange sadistic grin on his face. For those hearty souls who plan to avoid this unpleasant event, plans of the ship's ventilation system can be gotten from Lt. S. It will be recalled that Lt. S holds the record for ducking Dr. M and the Mad Hypo--twelve days. He was finally caught during a nap, when Dr. M broke into his quarters. New, foolproof, magnetic locks are available (for a nominal fee, of course) from Ensign R in Engineering.

The contest will begin at 0100 tomorrow. Those who wish to compete will so signify by screaming loudly at that time. The prize for the longest hold-out is a date with Yeoman L (or Yeoman N for women,) unless Yeoman L wins, in which case we all promise to refrain from obscene propositions for 24 hours.

RABBIT 6, CAPTAIN 0: Peter Rabbit's girlfriend has struck again. For those of you who haven't been aware of one of the little oddities of life aboard this ship, the Captain has now obviously decided that rabbits have replaced you-know-whats as his unfavorite animal.



About 1400 hours, the Captain was seen exploding out of his quarters screaming, "Goddamnit, it's happened again!" 'It' is the birth of a new litter of six baby bunnies on his bed. This is the fourth time it's happened.

Either she's a very smart rabbit, somehow managing to get out of a cage, out of the lab, down the corridor, to run the lift, get down another corridor, and into the Captain's quarters, OR somebody is trying to give the Captain a not-too-subtle hint about some of his . . . ah . . . habits. (He should worry; at least the rabbit isn't dead! Note from intern--if this reference doesn't make any sense, check 20th century Obstetrics.) Our other new confidante in Sick Bay informs us that she's seen this rabbit in the small lab that only Dr. M and Mr. S use for personal research. Gentlemen, when the Captain needs editorial comments about his private life, he'll ask for them. (Of course, if you want to join our editorial staff, we are free of such restrictions.)

INTERIOR DECORATION: If you're up on the bridge at some point, you'll notice several new additions to the decor. Kudos go to our friends in Ship's Services for the paisley upholstery on the Throne. It definitely adds something. Ensign Costello swears we'll get lace curtains around the view screen next week. Ah, that homey atmosphere.

We also liked the short-lived Captain America poster on the back of the Throne--too bad the official sense of humor wasn't tickled by it! (Anyone out there remember Steve Rogers?)

Ensign J and her merry crew are to be applauded (YAY Communications!) for their efforts also. There is now a new piece of equipment at the First Officer's station that is tied into the computer banks, and registers every helpful suggestion that said individual makes. In other words, it totals up the brownie points. (Isn't it wonderful to have a boyfriend in Engineering and a cousin in Computers?)

LOGIC IN SICK BAY? Logical, if diabolical, minds have appeared in Sick Bay that also obviously have connections in Engin-

eering. Malingerers beware! One of the beds has been hooked up in such a way that if the diagnostic sensors come up with zilch, the bed tips the individual onto the floor with a "REJECT" sign flashing overhead. Dr. M reports that it's turned out to be very useful, and that the bed's installation may cause him to change his mind about certain staff additions.

MYSTERY OF THE WEEK: Why is Enterprise ship time 22,347 minutes behind Greenwich mean time? Answer: we don't know, but do you have any idea how much red tape we'd have to go through with Star Fleet Command (or whatever you call those old men who hand out orders and food rations) to correct it?

PERSONALS:

Large male of reptilian species wishes to meet intelligent female crocodile. Object: matrimony. Box 30 FE

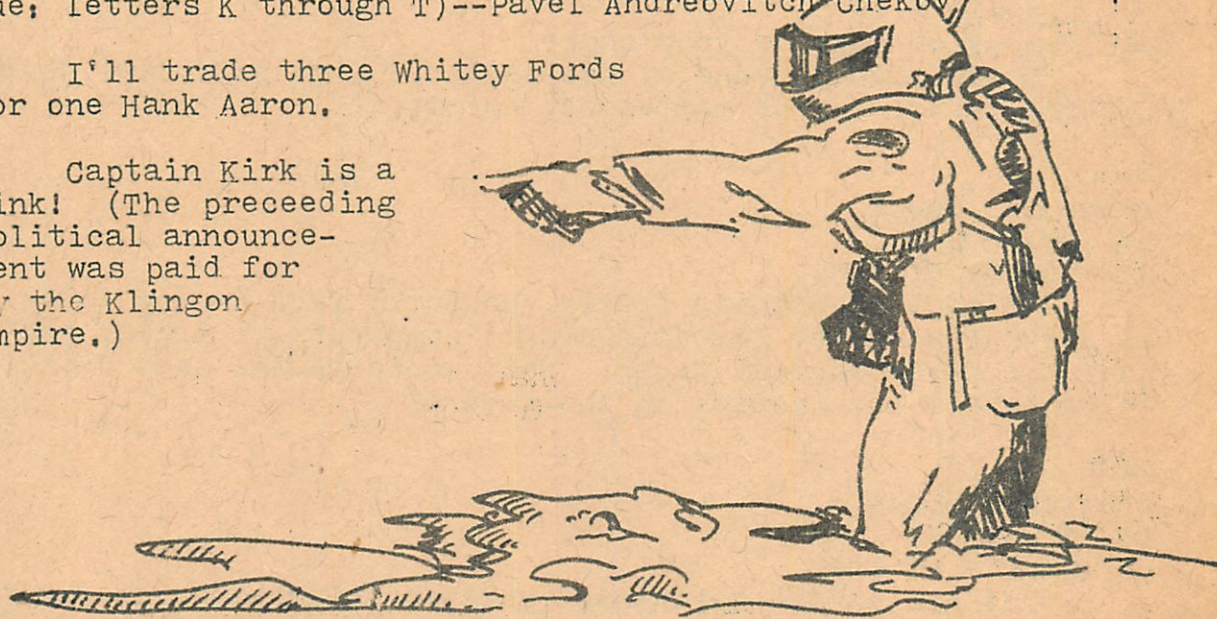
The Flat Earth Society will meet alternating Thursdays at 1930 hours in Rec Room 7.

A Sit-down Orgy will take place on alternating Thursdays at 1930 hours in Rec Room 7. B.Y.O.P. (Editors' note: We hope everyone knows which Thursday it is!)

Public Announcement: I am no longer responsible for debts accrued by Alice, Beth, Cathy, Donna, Eliza, Frances, Helen, Ida, or Joan. They are no longer friends of mine. (Next issue: letters K through T)--Pavel Andreovitch Chekov

I'll trade three Whitey Fords for one Hank Aaron.

Captain Kirk is a Fink! (The preceeding political announcement was paid for by the Klingon Empire.)



POINTED SITUATION DEPARTMENT
(Recording a recent development)

Attention all hands! This is the Captain. Someone, in a surprising display of childishness, has put a tack on my chair. The culprit will be found and properly disciplined.

Kirk to Sick Bay: Any idea who did this?

Memo

From: Dr. McCoy

To: Mr. Spock

Re: Tack on Captain's chair

Spock, have you any idea who did this?

Memo

From: Mr. Spock

To: Dr. McCoy

Re: Tack on Captain's chair

Doctor, I suspect one of my younger cadets. Suggestions as to proper action?

Memo

From: Dr. McCoy

To: Mr. Spock

Re: Source of tack on Captain's chair

If you want, I'll perform some psychological tests. Why'd he do it?

Memo

From: Dr. McCoy

To: Captain Kirk

Re: Source of tack on your chair

Spock suspects one of his cadets. I've performed psychological tests, but he tested out normal.

Memo

From: Mr. Spock

To: Dr. McCoy

Re: Source of tack

He confessed quite freely, Doctor. Says he did it to see if the Captain ever lost his "regal composure." Again, you have his psychological tests. What would be the most useful deterrent to such action in the future?

Memo

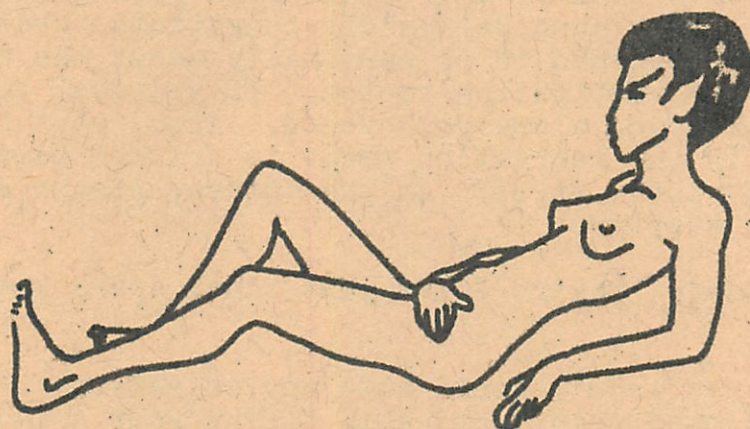
From: Dr. McCoy

To: Mr. Spock

Re: Source of tack

Put him on the Captain's "chicken salad sandwich for lunch" detail. By the way, I wasn't there; what was Jim's reaction to said tack?

Memo
 From: Mr. Spock
 To: Dr. McCoy
 Re: Regal composure
 "We are not amused!"



And, as a special service of THE FREE ENTERPRISE, we bring you the transcript of

Captain James T Kirk's exhortation to selected members
 of the Star Ship Enterprise

recorded for us by Carol Hansen

We will start with Engineer Scott. Scotty, I have no objection to your eating haggis, but please, not in front of other crew members. It's very bad for morale.

Lieutenant Sulu, I've had quite a few complaints about you and your rapier from some of the crewmen using the gym showers. Fun and games have their place on a star ship, it's true, but this situation seems to be getting out of hand. Watch it!

Dr. M'Benga--a word to the wise. Just because you slapped Mr. Spock once, and lived to tell about it, doesn't mean you can keep on doing it! Mr. Spock informs me that you have taken to hiding here and there about the ship and springing out at him, getting in a quick slap, and then running like mad down the corridor and disappearing up an access shaft. He also informs me that if you do this one more time, he's going to use tal shaya on you--and you know how permanent that is.

Doctor McCoy, would you please get rid of those blasted skulls. They give me the creeps.

Mr. Spock, I've got wind of your cooking in your quarters again from some of the more delicately constituted crew persons. They have complained to me personally about the aroma getting into the ventilation system. If you feel you must make plomik soup, close your vents. Also, your constant strumming in the recreation areas is driving some of the crew right up the walls. In the future, please confine it to your quarters.

Yeoman Janice Rand: You're doing just fine, dear; keep up the good work.

Ensign Chekov, you know I don't have any objection to your having female guests in your cabin during your off-duty time, but would you try and keep it down a little. The noise is keeping neighboring crew persons awake, and their naturally sunny dispositions are turning decidedly surly of late.

Doctor McCoy has informed me that some of his Saurian brandy is missing. Rumors have reached me of after-hours parties in the operating room, attended by a certain nurse and several lab technicians who shall be nameless. You know who you are. I'm all in favor of a happy crew, but when it involves the theft of Dr. McCoy's private stock, I feel I must object, so let's shape up down in sick bay!

Mr. Kyle, it's come to my attention that your work in the transporter room is getting a trifle careless. Now perhaps it's only coincidence, but several yeomen, ensigns, and possibly a lieutenant, have been reported missing. They were last seen on the transporter platform, or in the immediate vicinity. Now, I'm not one to point the finger of guilt at something that may be only boyish pranks or even honest error, but I would appreciate more efficiency from you in the future.

(Shuttlecraft personnel, please note: I'll be using a shuttlecraft for any landings on planet surfaces in the foreseeable future.)

Lieutenant Uhura--ah, yes. . . I have a few special remarks for you. Please report to my cabin when you come off duty.

Kirk out.

SOME MORE LINES WE'ED Like TO Hear!?!

Beverly Miller!?!

McCoy: I've been hearing that whine ever since we beamed down to Scalos.

Spock: Just tell Chapel the answer is still 'No!'

"Spock, they have slavery, despotism, gladiatorial games . . . !"
"Doctor, I still do not want to go on shore-leave."

Oxmyx: That's the Book. The Book. They left it--the men from the Horizon.

Spock: The source of contamination, Captain.

Kirk: The Kama Sutra?

"Such emotion is quite foreign to me, Doctor. I was merely testing the strength of the door."

"Oh, really? Well, like it or not, Spock, you're getting a physical."

Spock: We go together, or not at all.

Uhura: But--I don't need a guide to the Ladies Room.

Kirk: Spock! Don't look! Cover your eyes!

Spock: Yeoman, skinny-dipping in the ship's pool is against regulations.

Spock: The finest example of sustained anti-gravity elevation I have ever seen.

McCoy: Very funny! Now get me down off the ceiling!

Kirk: Our species can only survive when there are obstacles to overcome.

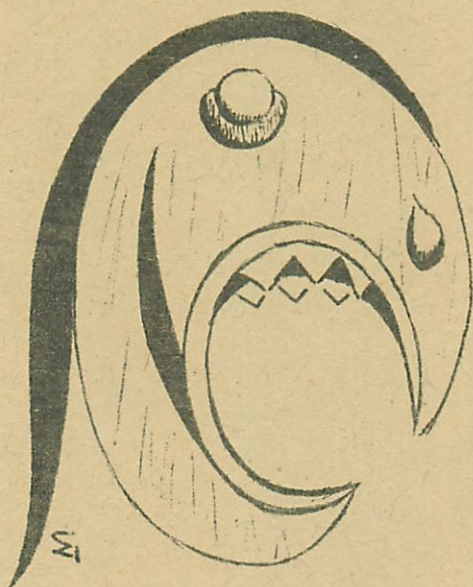
McCoy: Janice turned you down again, huh?



ALLEY OOP

by Neal Wilgus

When Alexander of Macedon
 had finished giving instructions
 over the phone
 he turned back to the
 laboratory staff, saying,
 "Great! The invasion
 is all set up.
 I only wish
 old man Aristotle
 was here
 to see this one."
 Dr. Phillips, whose idea it was
 to bring forward
 a famous figure of the past,
 nervously asked,
 "But we don't understand;
 how can you pick up the use
 of these modern inventions
 so quickly?"
 Alexander waved his hand
 impatiently, answering,
 "You don't have to know
 what moves the spirit
 if it works for you.
 Now show me again
 how it is
 that your laser demon works."

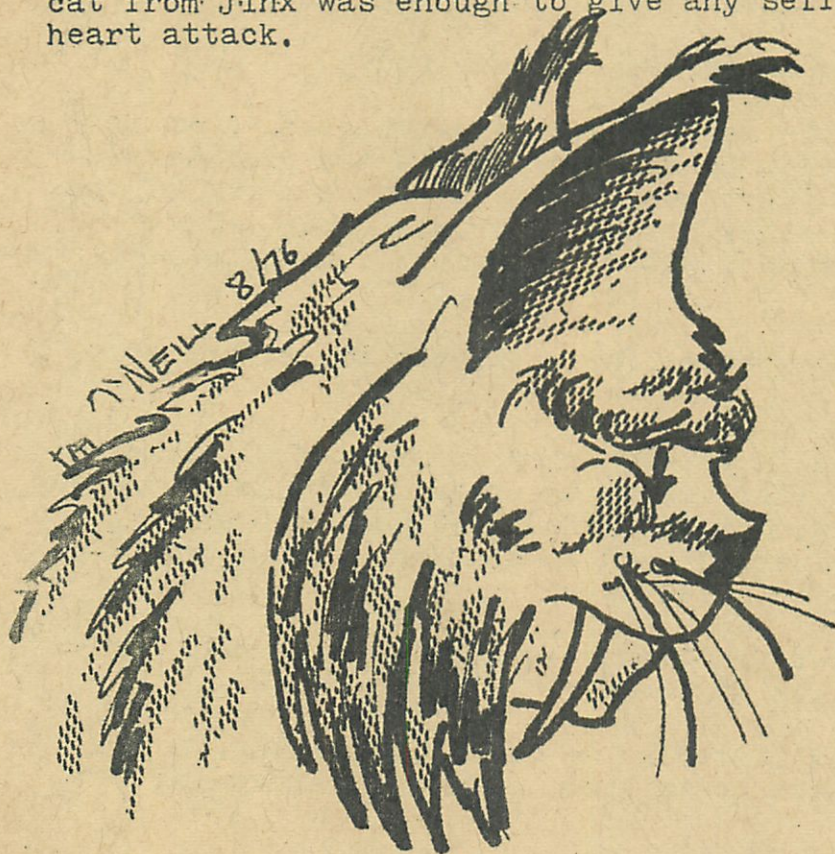


THE COLLECTOR

BY
GERRY STOUT

Johannes Brahms Grunbaum X, like many other men, had a hobby. He was a collector. Because he was an alieurophile, he collected cats of all shapes and sizes. He loved his pets (much more than his fellow man) and they were very well treated. Each had its own indoor and outdoor run, and the very best cat food money could buy. Not only did he have representatives of all the earthly breeds, including the big cats, he also had cats from the colony worlds.

When man settled on alien worlds, he often had to change to fit the world, and it was noticed that his cats did also. A cat from We Made It looked like a miniature cheetah, while a cat from Jinx was enough to give any self-respecting rat a heart attack.



SPEAKER

Johannes's collection was a noted one, and the general opinion was that there wasn't a breed of his favorite animal that he didn't have. Johannes, however, had one last consuming passion, one last shining specimen to add to his collection. True, they weren't really cats, but they were close enough

The Kzin, once known as Speaker-to-Animals, but now honored with a

name totally unpronounceable by human standards, was back on Earth on special assignment. He was with a group of Kzinti engineers, who were on Earth to compare notes with their human counterparts working on the Puppeteer drive. The engineers were there under duress (who ever heard of working with humans --you either tolerated them or ate them) and since The Patriarch deemed him skilled in working with humans (he hadn't decided if this recognition was an honor or not) he had been sent along as an intermediary. The resulting strain of keeping everyone under control had about exhausted his own control, ruined his appetite, and caused his fur to begin shedding, so he decided that it was time to get away from the snarling idiots (on both sides, note) and took a vacation.

He somehow managed to talk everyone into taking a break from work, and then set about contacting the one human that he really knew and actually liked (without admitting it in public.)

Louis Wu was sitting in his study, reading the news reports on the engineers' conference, and laughing at the mental picture of Speaker playing peacemaker, when the call came in.

"Louis? This is, ah, Speaker. I have a name now, but letting you call me Speaker is less painful than hearing you mangle it. You may have heard about the conference. . . ."

"Yah. . .how are your nerves, old war god?"

"If it were possible for my race to get ulcers, I would have them by now. Really, Louis, your people are just as violent as ours at times. Last week I had to restrain one of the humans from lowering a water pitcher over one of my people's heads. The resulting fracas was astonishing. . . Your people fight dirty, Louis."

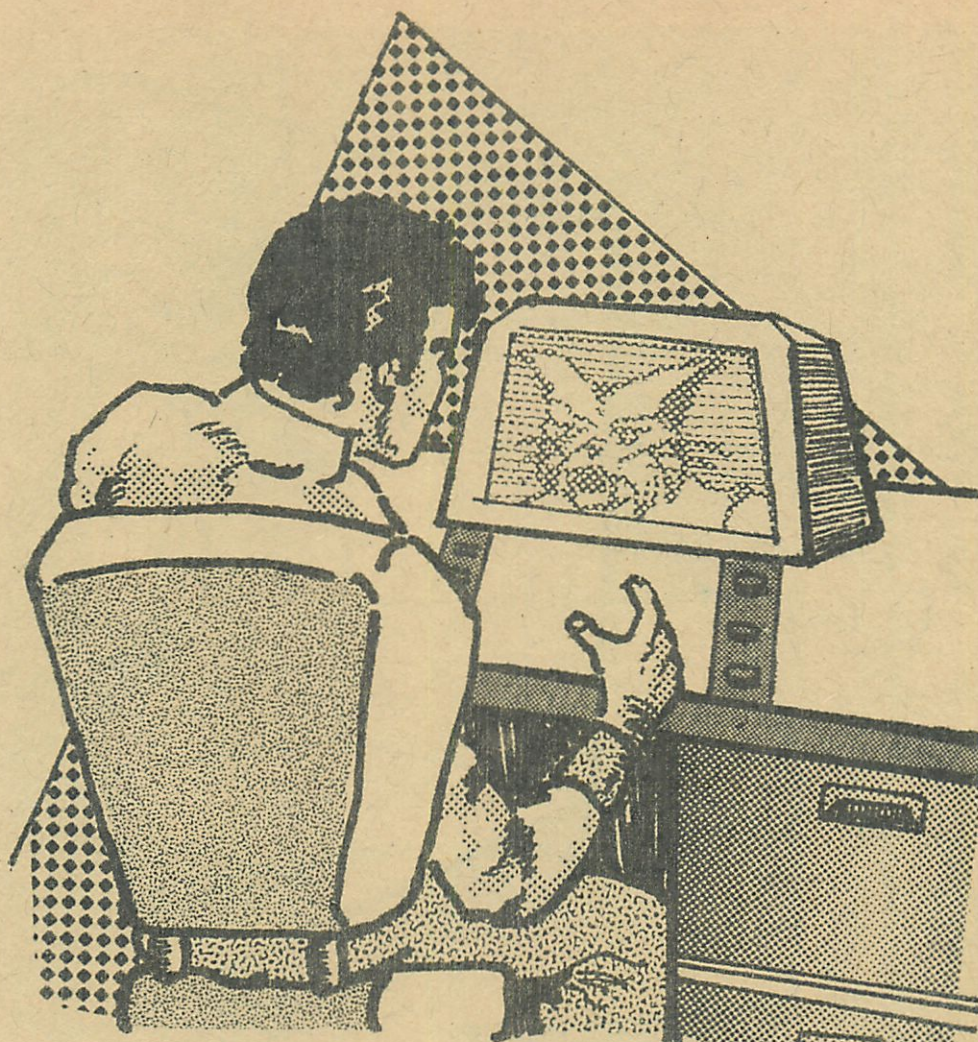
"Only in extremis, Speaker, or when they don't know any other way."

"And all the times in between when it suits them, from my observation. However, that is not the reason I called. As you have observed, the strain of this unnatural job is beginning to wear upon my nerves, and I need a vacation. Would you object to a house guest for a few days?"

"Of course not, but you'll have to put up with some pumping as to what's going on in there."

"If you don't mind listening to some complaining, Louis. I haven't had anyone else to talk to. Would this evening be convenient?"

"Fine. I'll see you about eight o'clock, Speaker."

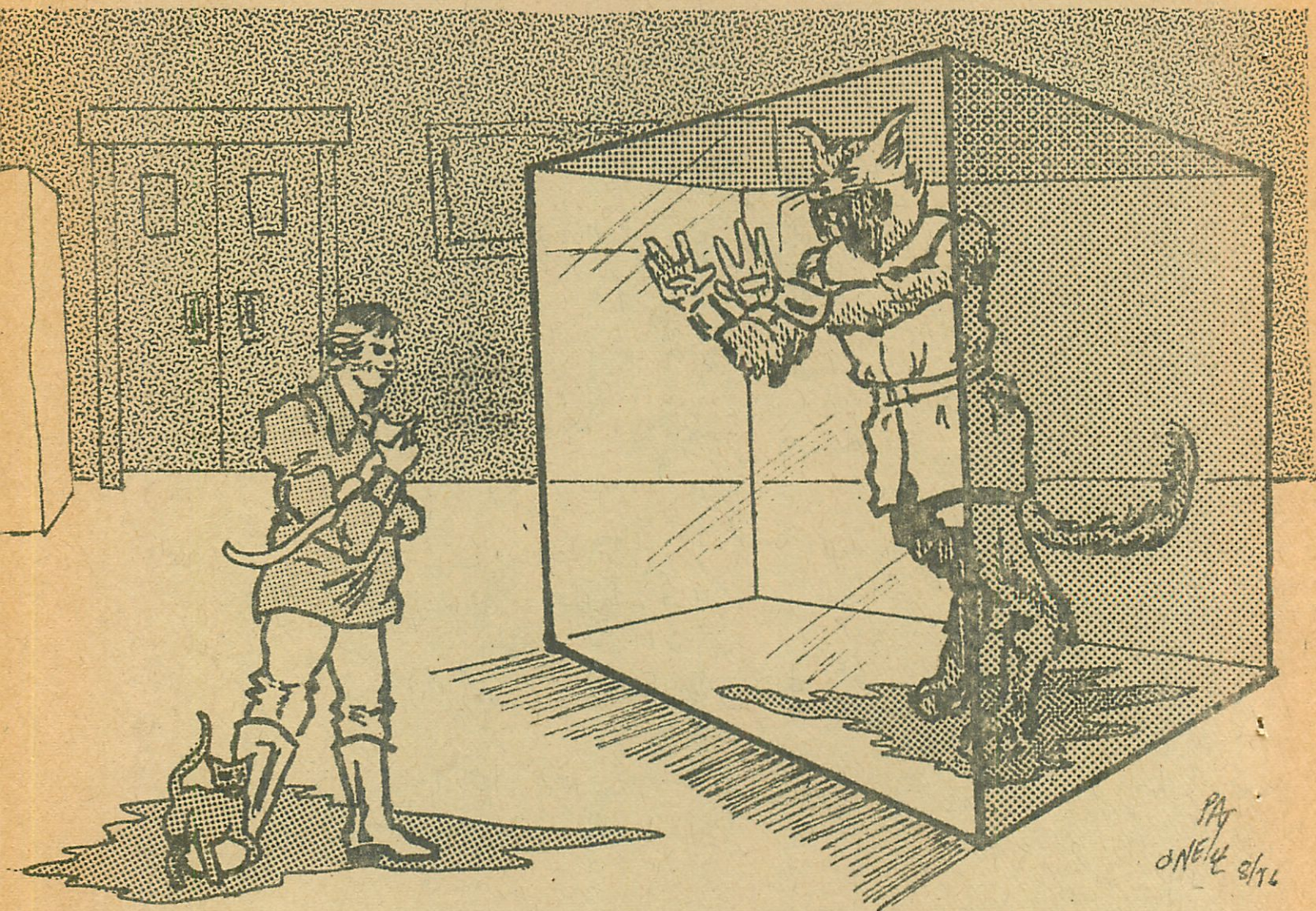


"Until then, Louis."

But when Speaker hadn't shown up by ten the next morning, and the embassy confirmed that he had left, giving Louis' number in case of emergency, Louis knew that the improbable had happened. Someone had tangled with the Kzin, and had won.

Speaker had left his quarters, headed for one of the local transport booths, when it happened. He was walking along, enjoying the shock of the storekeeper from whom he had just purchased a very good bottle of brandy for Louis (living among humans had contaminated him--a host gift in the name of the patriarch) when a large, weighted net dropped on top of him. His snarl mingled with the screams of bystanders--really byrunners; they knew what an angry Kzin was like, and weren't going to take any chances. Then a tarp beam hit him, and he stopped caring what was going on.

The next thing he knew, after the horrible experience of the tarp being turned off, was that he was in an enclosure of some sort,



His immediate reaction was to go berserk and try to claw his way through both the inside walls and the outside barrier of clear hull material. When he finally stopped, due in part to returning sanity and in part to exhaustion, he realized that he was being watched.

A stooped little male human, graying at the temples, smiling gently as he stroked a tabby cat that he was holding, stood outside the barrier, observing Speaker's actions. Speaker bared his teeth and the cat in the little man's arms spat back.

"Now, now, we don't want any unpleasantness on our new friend's first day, do we, Sphinx? He's a trifle upset, so we have to expect some snarling, but that doesn't excuse ill manners on your part." Sphinx looked dubiously at his master, and then at the alarming apparition in the enclosure. That tiger last year had been bad enough, but this thing!

"Just what do you think you are going to accomplish by kidnapping me, you meat animal!?" Speaker's voice had returned during the interlude.

"A very interesting house guest, for one thing. I must see if I can get one of your females. . . ."

"Do you think that it is going to take that long for the embassy or the planetary government to pay your ransom? This amounts to an act of war!"

"Ransom? Who ever said anything about ransom? I've waited for years to add a Kzin to my collection, and I'm not about to give you up. I just hope that I can get a female for breeding."

"Collection?" said Speaker weakly.

"Of course. I collect cats. I love them so. Although you really aren't a cat, technically speaking, you are sort of an indication as to the top of the evolutionary ladder that my darlings could reach. I'll get you something to eat right away; you must be dreadfully hungry." With that, the little man walked briskly away.

Speaker looked around him, and for the first time he saw the pride of lions in the large enclosure to his left, and the tiger in the one on his right. The tiger was looking at him with what appeared to be a very sardonic expression on his face. "Collection? Oh, Kdapt . . . it looks like a zoo! I'm in a zoo!" He sat down, and covered his face with his hands. "What will the Patriarch say if he finds out that one of his warriors has been captured by a human and put into a zoo! My name! It will be stripped from me, and no one of my people will be able to look at me without laughing . . . A ZOO!"

Louis Wu and the authorities were very busy in the meantime. The liquor store owner and the witnesses to the kidnapping were all very vocal and willing to help. The one interesting part to Louis was the description of the Kzin; one moment snarling, and the next moment purring in the net. Having once seen the effect that a tarp had on the Kzin, it wasn't too hard to figure out how they had kept Speaker docile long enough to get wherever they were going to. The only problem now was who "they" were, and why they had done it. The peculiar part to all of this was that no ransom message had been sent, which made no sense at all. But one thing did stand out. To do this, and keep the Kzin under control for a long time, a high-powered, long-distance tarp had to be used, and they were illegal for general use. Further, they were rare,

and difficult to buy. A special license had to be applied for and accepted, and then the tarp bought, which took a lot of money, and for which there was only one supplier that he knew of. . .the Puppeteers.

Louis went to work. He first went to the outlet and requested the list of all who had bought a high-powered tarp within the past year, reasoning that if they had had one earlier, they would have used it. Trying to get the information out of the Puppeteers was difficult. However, Louis pointed out to the Puppeteers at work there (it made him wonder how that other mad Puppeteer was doing--Nesus) that this incident could start a war. Since both sides had ships of equal size and power, the Kzinti might win, and then what would the Puppeteers do, when they were met by victorious Kzinti at the end of their migration. There goes your breeding program for a docile Kzin, boys, right up in smoke! This horrible picture got him all the service that he wanted, and then some.

He then got the records for the license applications from a friend of his in the government. . .no one likes the idea of angry Kzinti.

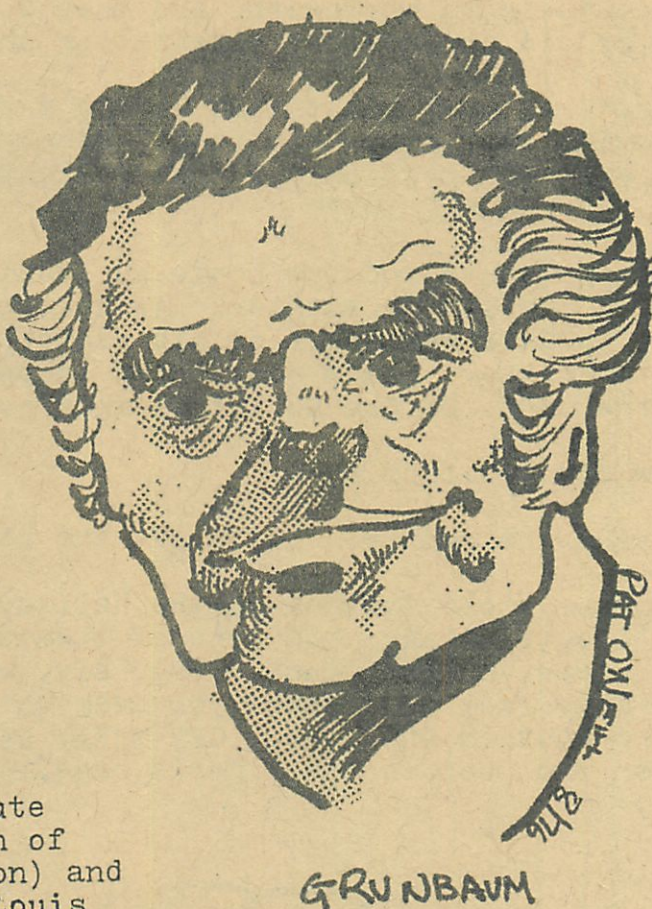
Louis spent the evening matching up the two lists, and came up with two possibilities.

One was a tycoon shipper, who was allowed the tarp to control any dangerous animals that might escape on his ships. He might be very interested in getting access to the Puppeteer drive ship for his own use. This was a promising lead, but the more Louis thought about it, the more he thought that the second choice made more sense.



A Mr. Johannes Brahms Grunbaum X had a large collection of animals, CATS to be exact, and needed the tarp for control and capture of escaped animals. Louis found the listing of the specimens very interesting,

noting all the rare, big cats that the collector had gotten his hands on over the years. The name seemed familiar to him, so he did some digging in old news films, and came up with the article he wanted, a filmed report on the capture of an escaped tiger one year ago. A private citizen, in response to a promise made by the zoo involved, that he could have the beast if he could capture it, to use for breeding, had managed to trap the rampaging brute by a novel combination of net (for transportation) and tarp (for control.) Louis stared at the tape for a few minutes, then left the building for the nearest transfer booth, to see if he could find the cat lover.



"I don't call this slop food, little man!"

"Oh come now, you're being difficult. All of my pets eat it, and get along just fine. That lioness has produced five healthy litters for me with this diet."

"But it has vegetable and grain in it . . . dammit, I'm a meat eater, and I need pure meat!"

"You'll eat it when you get hungry enough; I've gotten used to my new pets . . ."

"I'm not a pet!"

" . . . PETS being finicky. But they settle down after a while. The tiger did."

"Out of disgust, judging from his expression. Little man, right now I'm so hungry for pure meat that you wouldn't last three seconds in my enclosure, and they'd never find the body unless they did an internal examination on me!"

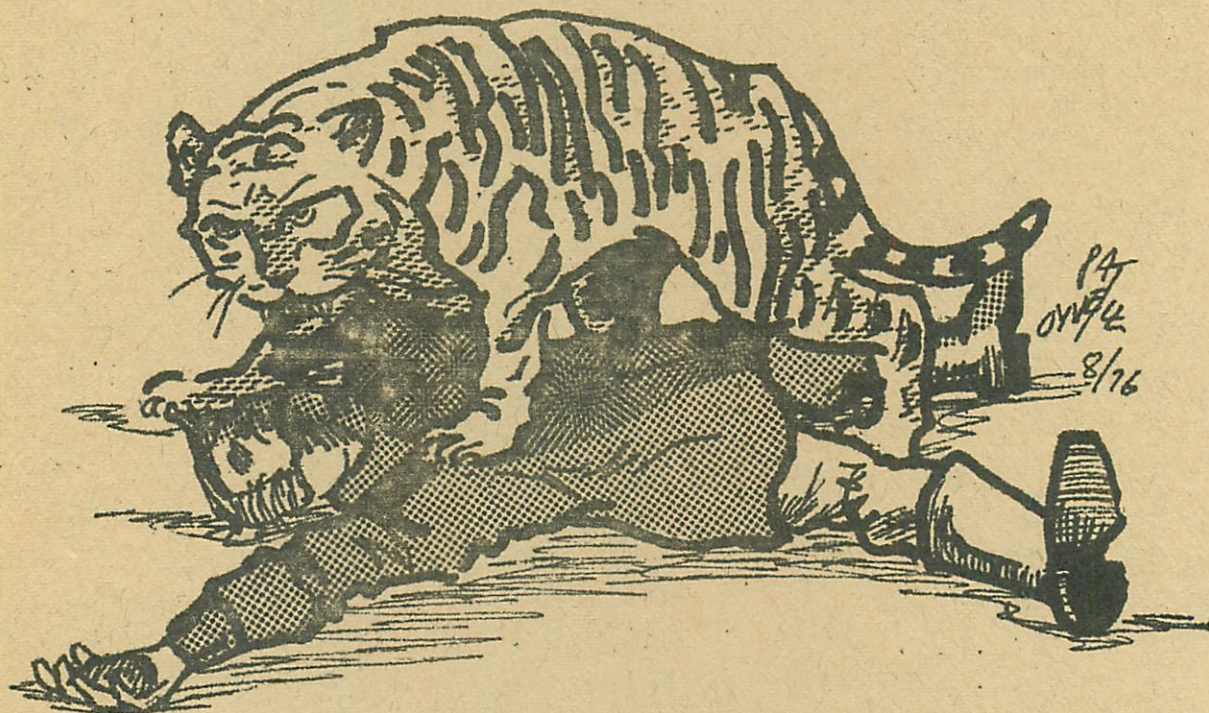
"Humph! I must admit that having a pet that talks back can be trying at times. But you'll be happy to find out that there is a slight possibility that I might be able to get a female. . . WHO ARE YOU?"

Speaker turned and saw Louis Wu looking at him through the door of the inside shelter. As he turned and ran toward the door, Speaker was aware of his captor dashing toward the building entrance. Louis took a few seconds to figure out the lock on the door, before he let Speaker out.

"How did you find me?"

"A tiger helped me. Let's get the hell out. . . Oh oh."

Grunbaum stood further up the hallway, shaking with fury. "They call cats sneaky, but none of them do it for deceit as humankind does, only to hunt. You, sir, wish to steal my prize specimen away from me. Since you seem so eager, perhaps you would like another one also. GET THEM, RAJAH!" With that, he threw open the door to the tiger's cage.

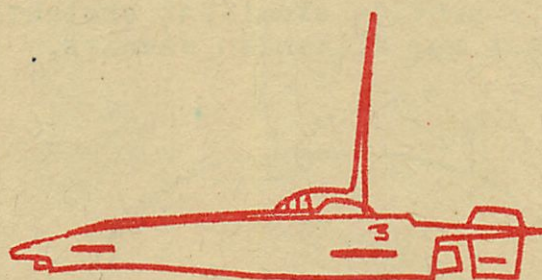


The tiger leaped through the door and crouched, snarling, in the middle of the floor. Now, tigers are not stupid. They will take the easiest way out if possible. While they are not cowards, they will avoid an unnecessary fight if possible. This tiger was faced with two possibilities; either go forward and get involved with a very formidable opponent, who had never done anything to him, or turn and make a run for it. The tiger did the latter, and was promptly confronted with the one creature in his limited universe that he really hated. Besides that, he was hungry for some real food. . . .

"Oh, good god! Quick; his task must be around somewhere--"

"Don't bother, Louis; by the time you got back it wouldn't make any difference. And besides, I rather sympathize with him. I became very tired of cereal for breakfast, too."

The war was avoided when Speaker pointed out that personal revenge, of a sort, had been carried out. A nearby zoo received, happily, all of the big cats, and started an extensive breeding program. One of the keepers, however, was heard to say that he had never seen one animal eat as much meat at each meal as that tiger. Louis Wu, a cat lover himself, took the house-cat type animals home for himself. He was also heard to remark upon the meat capacity of a certain house guest of his,



"Qualified Epigram"

by
Marian Turner

Death is an elaborate practical joke
That is never funny
No matter how many times it's played.

The only funny death I ever heard of
Was the suicide of George Saunders.
He murdered himself in Spain
And left two suicide notes;
One in English and one in Spanish.
It was so like him.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S LOG

by Neal Wilgus

We have surveyed
the planet Sol III
and found only the ruins
of an ancient civilization
which was on the verge
of practical spacetravel
when it
broke down.

In several places we found
evidence that
radioactive weapons

had been used
but apparently widespread disease
was the final blow.

The ecosystem
has adapted well, however,
and life on the planet thrives.

I recommend colonization
by our people,
especially in view of the
potential military outposts available
throughout the rest of the system.
They will be inexpensive

to install
and will provide excellent protection
against our Xllianian enemies,



ASHEMAN '70

VULCAN

EMOTIONAL SUPPRESSION: THE REASONS WHY

BY M. R. O. LUDWIG

I have been reviewing a lot of old essays on Vulcan cultural evolution, and a lot of it strikes me as being pretty reasonable. The hot-blooded emotional race nearly extinguishes itself in its passion, decides that emotionalism is species-destructive, and decides to control--that is, suppress--emotions. Fine. But why would a proud, passionate, intelligent race choose the psychologically unhealthy (to humans) way of emotional suppression? That action, in view of human psychological studies, should be like trying to stop a nuclear explosion by introducing anti-matter.

With humans, it works like this. Party A gets violently angry with Party B. He has two obvious choices. One, he can hurl abusive language at the one who caused his anger, injure him, or kill him if he is sufficiently enraged. Two, he can refuse to act on his emotions, or elect not to show them in any way. In the latter case, Party B, who caused the anger, is thereby unscathed, psychologically or physically. But what about the one who feels the anger?

Emotions can be likened to chemical pollutants, in that they don't just disappear; they must go somewhere. A human who feels an emotion has no choice. He must express that emotion, either directly, by talking, screaming, crying, putting his fist through a wall, et cetera, or indirectly, by having ulcers, circulatory disorders, neuroses, and so forth. A human's emotions must be expressed, for better or worse, and if direct channels of expression are shut off, then the indirect channels are opened, leading to many things, from high blood pressure to drug abuse.

It makes sense to postulate that a race even more emotional than Homo sapiens should have these same problems, in triplicate. Perhaps it does. Outsiders have not been permitted wholesale tourism, much less study, of Vulcan, and it is highly possible that Vulcans conceal the failures and imperfections of their system from general view. This author tends to agree with some other students of Vulcan, that anti-social behavior on Vulcan undoubtedly exists, whether or not it is common.

How did Vulcans come to choose emotional suppression as the tool of their social preservation?



Like the present-day Romulans, the early Vulcans were an aggressive, emotional, warlike people. Wars were doubtless provoked by such things as disputes over water and mineral rights, available arable land and territorial aggrandizement, but they were also surely caused by pride and face-saving duels in equal proportions. Undoubtedly, insults demanded retribution, and highly-strung people unaccustomed to peaceful negotiation hurled insults frequently. Honor, still a very strong point in Vulcan culture, must have in earlier times been a near obsession, and personal, familial, royal and imperial honor hotly defended.

Of course, this gross manifestation of emotionalism had to stop for Vulcans to survive as a society and a species, once their level of destructive power exceeded their ability to refrain from putting this destruction to work. A time of crises on a world-wide scale occurred, and the decision had to be made. Shall we continue to exhibit our emotions as we have in the past, and destroy ourselves, or shall we cease this blatant emotionalism and survive with honor and dignity? These were the two choices seen by the leaders of the Vulcan reforms, and they chose the one that was concordant with their goals. What these leaders did not and could not know, because of their social upbringing, was that there was a third alternative: dealing with emotions at the same intensity directly, constructively, and openly.

On Earth, many of us are acquainted with, and live by, the principles discovered by Dr. Carl Rogers (circa 1940, Old Earth calendar) and later behaviorists. We have learned that our emotions are entities apart from, though influencing, our actions, and that as entities apart, they can not be held subject to the value judgments assigned to actions. We have learned, for example, that hatred is not bad and that love is not good, but that actions springing from these feelings can be called good or bad. Once this critical distinction was made, we could learn to deal with emotions themselves in a more objective way. People who felt hatred were no longer treated with fear and disgust for the simple fact that they hated, but were understood. It was realized that no one can say "I will feel this and not that, under these conditions," because emotions come as they come, irrespective of our wishes. Having emotions became respectable and easier to talk about. It was then that the truth of the poem by the Terran William Blake was realized:

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

When emotions became respectable and were given direct verbal expression as they arose, the need for direct, aggressive emotional acts and indirect, self-destructive physical and mental reactions to emotions diminished markedly.

Naturally, this change in attitude towards emotions--from puritanism to humanism--did not occur overnight, and is incomplete, even today. Sadly, many of our politicians and military leaders still cling to the belief that emotions can be ascribed values. However, we have more than begun on a society that has learned to accept its own emotional make-up, and understands and respects those emotions, rather than fearing them.

Why did these changes take place in many human societies, but not on Vulcan? The answer lies in time, social mores and morals, and emotional conditioning.

Western Terran society, at the time of the discoveries dealing with acceptance of emotions, was in a period of rapid change, initiated by the Industrial Revolution in the previous century. In fact, Western Culture was dominated by the United States of America, a very young country, whose singular lack of long-held traditions accelerated its rates of scientific, cultural, and social change. As more and more information became available in this technological society, change was necessary to accommodate it to continue 'progress,' a process that was highly (and blindly) esteemed at this time.

Western culture, with its lack of emphasis on tradition (including strong kinship ties,) was resigned to change, if it did not welcome it. With old puritanical values crumbling under the contemporary behavioral studies' findings, Western society was psychologically ready for the idea of acceptance of emotions. The situation on Vulcan at the time of the reforms, however, was quite different.

Vulcan, as even the most casual observer may note, is bound by tradition. In every sector on Vulcan (though with local variations) a Vulcan's life is ritualized in ancient traditions from birth to death. This is directly opposite to the pattern in the Western Terran cultures, which expect the individual to go through life making his own adjustments to the stages of his life, without benefit of rites of passage.

Further, although Vulcan apparently has the nuclear, rather than the extended, family system, kinship ties are much closer than those of the average Terran.* Vulcans have preserved a form of ancestor worship, have family-held ceremonial grounds, and tend to hand trades and vocations down from generation to generation.



With its emphasis on family and clan, Vulcan interpersonal relations tended towards the reverent rather than the affectionate. The father was the "commander" of his immediate sphere of influence, the family, and was treated in much the same way as military commanders are treated, as someone to respect and obey, not necessarily to love. The role of the children, likewise, was that of the student/soldier, to follow orders without question, as quickly and quietly as possible, without nonsense.

It is this atmosphere of strong tradition, strong emotion (usually expressed as loyalty to the kinship group and aggression towards outsiders) and lack of demonstrated affection, coupled with the self-destruction crisis, that set the stage for the choice of emotional suppression. This is not to say that Vulcan at this time was scientifically or intellectually backward; it was not. It is difficult to commit planetary racial suicide with lirpas and ahn woons, or even with firearms. The fact was that, advanced as they were, social change was hampered by all-pervading traditions and habits of thought. Further, as a society, Vulcans were not psychologically ready for the idea of accepting their emotions at face value, at the time of the Reforms.

To accept emotions as they are demands that you respect them, and pre-Reform Vulcans could do no such thing. As with Western Terra's puritan ancestors, Vulcans considered hatred, anger, disrespect and fear to be bad, and deserving of punishment, while considering feelings of respect, loyal-

* Note how quickly and cordially "Cousin Selek" was welcomed into Sarek's home during his pilgrimage to the ancestral shrine. ("Yesteryear," D. C. Fontana, animated episode.)

ty, and cheerfulness to be good, and worthy of reward. More important, feelings of hatred or anger were treated in almost exactly the same way as hateful or angry actions: with punishment and disapproval. Two adults could not express anger between them without initiating a duel or a war. No parent or child could express with clean conscience and fearlessness the times they felt angry with the members of the family, knowing that such expression could gain only punishment for the child, or disapproval for the adult. As with humans, the suppression of one emotion reduces the ability to express other emotions, and demonstrations of affection between family members were undoubtedly restrained and awkward. It is little wonder that when their trials of self-searching were over and the decision to suppress emotions was made, the concept was accepted and put into practice on a planetary scale in such a short time. Vulcans had never expressed all of their feelings freely. It took only a bit more work not to express them at all.

Here we bring up the subject of "Nome" or "all," of which the IDIC is a symbol. If Surak and his followers truly believed in the philosophy of "infinite diversity in infinite combination," why did they elect to remove expressed emotion from their lives, certainly a fascinating, diversifying and enriching factor in its highest manifestations? This author believes that at the time of the Reforms, the subject of emotions was still so ridden with taboos that it could not be considered objectively, and was conveniently left out of the "Nome" philosophy. "Nome" began to show itself more as a way for Vulcans to deal with external influences, rather than as a way to reconcile themselves to themselves.

Are Vulcans psychologically healthy? If mental health is defined as adaptive functionality, self-awareness and self actualization, then Vulcans are, with the exception of the organically diseased, mentally healthy. The Vulcan obsession with logic and knowledge prevents more, if not all, of the commoner self-deceptive neuroses and psychoses. It is also true that they have not totally barred the expression of all emotions from their lives, though these times of emotional release are uncommon, rather than daily, expressions, and with rare exceptions, highly abstracted. But what about the healthy ability to empathize with other beings? How creative is the individual Vulcan? Many Terrans wonder what price the average Vulcan must pay to keep the logical, emotion-free society he lives in intact. How many chronic circulatory and digestive ills plague his comfort? What happens to his unexpressed daily annoyances, anxieties, fears and joys between the times of accepted, ritual release? What keeps those times of release even marginally sane?

As a Terran, I find it very difficult to believe that Vulcans can be completely healthy and content, despite their logic and ritual. This opinion may be purely subjective, without actual, factual support. However, it seems to me much more satisfying and less conflict-ridden simply to tell friends of my friendship, to tell opponents fearlessly of my anger, to tell my parents of my love, knowing that these others in my life will understand and respect my feelings, even as I understand and respect theirs. The anxiety, guilt, and emotional hardship eradicated by this method is too great to be told.

I do not pretend that the small groups of Terrans who practice respect for emotions and emotional expression are the keys to peace and contentment in the galaxy. It is not the place of intelligent beings to crusade and convert without thought to individuality and individual preferences, especially the preferences of entire races. It is also undeniably true that what works for one culture might not necessarily work in another. All any culture can do is to be the model of its highest beliefs, and to hope that, if its way is truly a good way, others might find it so by their example.

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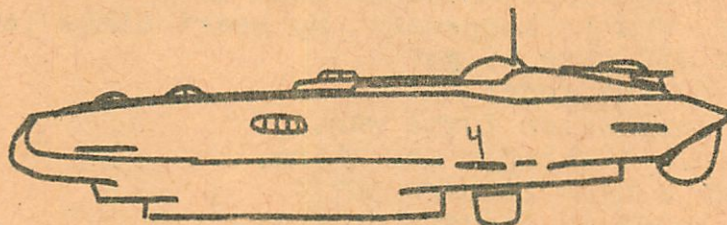
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THE MISSING PAGES MYSTERY

or

The Ultimate Frustration

by Patricia Huffman

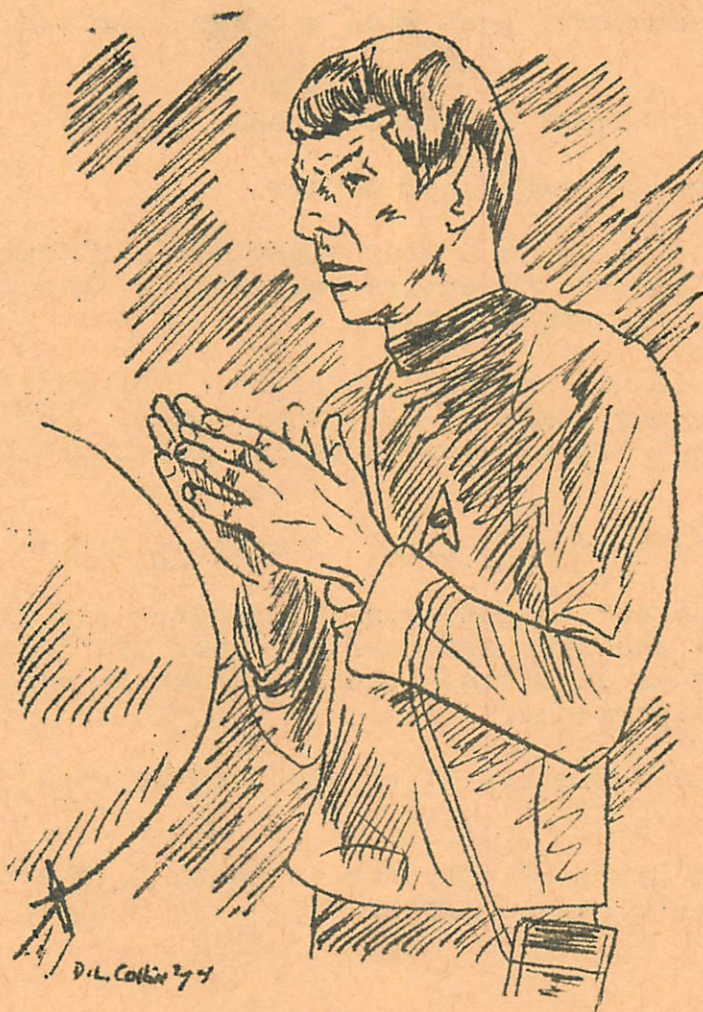
Dear Devra, a problem I'm bringing to you.
Perhaps, in your wisdom, you'll know what to do.
I have loved STAR TREK for 9.5 years
But was afraid to admit it in front of my peers.
I finally took courage and lo and behold
I was not alone and I was not too old.
A stranger to fanzines, I found it a chore
To try to catch up where others had gone before.
I sent letters and checks to all I could find.
The zines I've received do boggle the mind.
But now my composure's beginning to fail.
It began yesterday when I brought in the mail.
"From Devra Langsam" the brown envelope said
And visions of STAR TREK danced in my head.
Oh joy unconfined! My mind comes alive!
I've got "Spockanalia" - Numbers 1 through 5!
The housework stops, the TV goes quiet.
I settle down for a STAR TREK diet.
"Number 1, Say, I like this. It's really top rate.
Why did I have to find it so late?"
Number 2--Really thought that graffiti was great.
I went through Number 3 at a faster rate.
Kids home from school, "What's there to eat?"
I'm deaf to their pleas, I can't leave my seat.
Number 4--More graffiti, Let supper wait.
"Mom's in a TREK Trance," my sons state.
Just 5 to go--I can't stop now!
Those FREE ENTERPRISE cartoons--Like WOW!
What's this? What's happened? My heart sinks low.
Where, where did page 47 go?
48, 49, and 50 are gone!
51, 52? My complexion turns wan.
Panic sets in. I whimper and whine.
The next page I have is page 59?!!
Back to the index my fingers do fly.

There should be a story on the T.B.I.
I'd like to know Vulcan-Romulan history.
Must the Vulcan nervous system stay a mystery?
Do they, or don't they? I'll never know.
Alas, poor Alicia, your poem is "no show."
I finished the issue, but felt quite deprived.
I almost (but not quite) wished they hadn't arrived.
Where can I turn? What can I do?
That is why, Devra, I'm writing to you.
Will you search high and lo, thither and yon,
See if you can find where twelve pages have gone?
I'll be ever grateful if you will do that.
May you Live Long and Prosper!

Your STAR TREK friend,

Pat

P.S. Since I'm sure you will heed my plea,
I enclose 75¢ for "Masiform D."



TIME OF A NEW BEGINNING

BY JEAN LORRAH

T'Irayne sat patiently, the picture of serene Vulcan womanhood, as her mother arranged her hair in the traditional bridal style. Inside, however, she was seething. Why did she have to marry Skor? Oh, yes, she thought bitterly, to save him from death, because they had been bonded in childhood, many years ago. But why such a barbaric custom among otherwise enlightened people? Why should she have to leave the life she had so carefully built for herself, just when she was starting to achieve her goals?

"What am I doing here?" she asked aloud.

"I beg your pardon?" asked her mother.

"Mother, by what logic is a Star Fleet Officer taken from her post, where she serves the entire Federation, to spend the rest of her life serving one man?"

"You know this is not logical, T'Irayne. The pon farr is the price we pay for our logic at all other times. You also know that you will not 'serve' your husband, but share equally in his life."

"I don't want to share his life. I want my life!"

"My daughter, do not dispute your heritage. You will feel differently once you and Skor are married--once you have resumed the bonding you knew as children. You are about to participate in an entirely new experience."

"Mother," she said flatly, "I am about to be raped by a madman."

"T'Irayne!" At last, if only for an instant, she had penetrated her mother's calm control.



"You know it's true. You've been through it. Perhaps you deliberately don't remember the first time--or perhaps even then Father was not such a stranger to you as Skor is to me."

"We had been married for some time--as you and Skor would have been had you returned home when your first tour of duty ended two years ago."

"I would thus have wasted two more years of my life than I would have had to," T'Irayne replied. She did not mention the promotion that came with her second tour, or the position as Science Officer on the U.S.S. Hood, with its new captain, Mary Jane Watkins. Her mother was not impressed by Star Fleet honors bestowed on women.

T'Irayne and Mary Jane had become friends at Star Fleet Academy, where the Human had been in her last year when the Vulcan woman began her course of study. In one year they had found much in common, had corresponded while Watkins was on training missions, and when T'Irayne had been assigned to the Potemkin, where Watkins was Chief Helmsman, the pleasant acquaintance had blossomed into deep friendship.

Watkins' charisma and leadership qualities brought her steady promotions; T'Irayne's spectacular intellectual abilities and quiet competence kept her moving up the scale, too. It happened to be a time when Star Fleet was seeking to promote women, and the unusual abilities of these two did not go unrecognized.

A second separation came when Watkins was transferred to the Hood as First Officer, but eighteen months later the death of Captain Kreuger in a Klingon attack had put her in command. Star Fleet postponed changing the records for three months, until, without Watkins' knowledge, the officers of the Hood--ninety percent male--petitioned to have their commanding officer officially made captain. When it came time for T'Irayne's decision to sign up for another five-year tour of duty, Watkins requested that her friend be assigned to her command.

On the Hood, for the first time T'Irayne found she could do her work with no suspicion because she was "different." She did not have to spend time and effort proving herself to her new colleagues except as a scientist; as Watkins' choice, she found herself accepted. Neither her Vulcaness nor her femaleness made any difference; she felt as if she had come home.

Although T'Irayne would not have used the word, she was happy aboard the Hood. Despite the frequent danger to life and limb, she found it a pleasant life, and a productive one. Once in a while the thought crossed her mind that if she were Human, she might have said that the life of a Star Fleet Officer seemed particularly sweet to her because she knew it could not last.

Being Vulcan, of course, she always thrust such emotional ideas from her mind.

And then just a few days ago she had had to go to the Captain with her request for leave.

"Leave now?" Watkins had asked. "But why? We're in the middle of a survey. In a few days. . . ."

"Mary Jane," she said, "it must be now. I am getting married."

"Married!" A delighted smile broke out on her friend's face. "Why, T'Irayne, I had no idea! Who's the lucky man?"

"Skor."

"Skor?" She frowned. "Do I know him?"

"No. He is my bond-mate. I must go to him on Vulcan."

"The way you say that. . . . T'Irayne, you're not very happy about this, are you?"

"Vulcans do not feel happiness," came the toneless reply.

"Don't give me that, T'Irayne. What is it--an arranged marriage? Was that what your message from Vulcan was about?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well . . . don't do it. If you don't want to, I mean--and I sense that you very much don't want to!"

"My wants have nothing to do with it. It is my duty to return to Vulcan and marry Skor."

"I'm not one to scorn duty, T'Irayne, but marriage for duty? Surely not even Vulcans-- Sorry. I didn't mean to offend."

"You do not offend. You merely put into words my own thoughts. But it is not simply a matter of custom. If I do not marry Skor within eight standard days, he will die, and I will be his murderer."

"W-what? You mean . . . he would be executed or something if you jilted him? Or commit suicide over loss of face?"

"No. It is . . . biology. Physiology." And, reluctantly, T'Irayne explained the pon farr to her captain. "So you see, if I do not go to him, he will die a most hideous death, in madness."

"It has to be you?"

"We are bonded. His mind and body cry out for mine."

"But. . . T'Irayne, forgive me, but I don't think you are exercising any great Vulcan control to hide your passion. I don't believe your mind and body cry out for Skor's."

"I don't know him!" A hint of bitterness crept into her voice. She exiled it, and continued impassively, "We were bonded as children. I have met him once or twice since--now not since I left the Academy."

"Well," said Captain Watkins, "I suppose you'll have to do your duty. We'll detour to Vulcan--we can get you there in six days. How long will it be before you can rejoin the Hood?"

"I. . . I don't think Skor will allow me to, Captain. Bond-mates often go their separate ways, but once a marriage has taken place, husband and wife remain together. It is custom."

"Well, don't resign until you know if you can break the custom. You've had too much freedom to let a man push you around. You know, this Skor of yours just might turn out to be a reasonable person, once you get to know him. We shouldn't be making him a villain--he's just as stuck in this situation as you are."

"You are right, Captain. But there is another reason I shall probably not be able to return to Star Fleet. By the time the pon farr is over, there is an 84.327% probability that I will be pregnant."

T'Irayne spent most of the trip to Vulcan in her own quarters, when she was off-duty. On the last day, the Captain came to see her.

Looking around, Mary Jane said, "You haven't packed. Are you hoping you'll be able to come back?"

"It is foolish to hope for something so obviously unlikely."

"T'Irayne. . . I've been thinking. What you object to in this marriage is not the groom, right?"

"I hardly know him. I know of nothing objectionable about him."

"But you've lived for many years now among races who chose freely whom they will marry--or may choose not to marry at all. Is it that you wish to make your own choice?"

"That is not possible."

"You mean that never, in the history of Vulcan, have bond-mates unbonded, or husband or wife fallen in . . . uh, learned to desire someone else?"



"Yes, there is a way. The kah-li-fee."

"What is that?"

"Our marriage ceremony is the koon-ut-kal-if-fee, marriage or challenge. Only the woman may challenge, but she must present a champion to fight for her. She becomes the property of the winner, who may do with her as he wishes."

"He doesn't have to marry her?"

"No."

"Well, there's your answer! T'Irayne, you have any number of male friends aboard this ship who would fight for you. Choose the strongest-I know you Vulcans are tough. If he wins, he'll set you free. If Skor wins, you're no worse off than you are now!"

"Except that an innocent man would be dead," T'Irayne replied. "The combat, you see, is to the death. Whether Skor died, or my colleague from the Hood, I would be a murderer. No, Captain, I

must be guided by my heritage." She paused, then asked hesitantly, "Mary Jane . . . would you come with me? My parents will be there, of course, but . . . it is customary to ask one's closest friend."

"Sort of maid of honor? Oh, T'Irayne, I am honored indeed!"

Now the time had come. T'Irayne, her parents, and Captain Watkins gathered outside one entrance to the place of koon-ut-kah-li-fee of Skor's family. Four men carrying bells came around the outside of the arena to meet them. The gong sounded from within.

"They wait for us," said T'Irayne's father.

T'Irayne turned to her Captain. "Thank you for coming, my friend," she said. "My parents will offer you hospitality after the ceremony. I hope we may meet again."

"T'Irayne, my friend," said Watkins, "I wish you. . . all that you desire most."

They walked into the arena, and the ceremony began, presided over by T'Ple, matriarch of Skor's family. Skor looked terrible, which was to be expected, but he managed to move with dignity. Soon she would belong to him, this man who had not chosen her, and whom she had not chosen. "Never and always." Two people bound to one another for life, because of a decision their parents had made when they were small, children who did not understand what was happening to them.

She could hardly keep her mind on the ceremony. If only she could challenge. If only she had a man of her own choice! But even that "wasn't done"--only once in this generation had a challenge been issued, and that had sent shock waves all around Vulcan. Try to believe that if you had had a free choice, you would have chosen Skor, she told herself. And after all, suppose she had chosen another, and challenged. It would still mean a death. A death on her hands, any way she played it except to accept her fate. But that was like accepting her own death! It was certainly the end of her life as she knew it. . .

"Kah-li-fee!"

The words were out even before the idea was fully formed in her mind.

"Thou dost challenge?" T'Ple did not quite succeed in keeping the surprise out of her voice.

"It is my right," T'Irayne insisted.

"Who is thy champion?"

"I will fight for myself."

"T'Irayne, thee will choose thy champion!"

"As it was in the dawn of our day, as it is today, as it will be for all tomorrows, I make my choice. I will stand forth against thee, Skor, and deny thy claim upon me!"

"T'Irayne, you can't--" Watkins began, but as Vulcan eyes fell upon her she lapsed into stunned silence.

"T'Irayne," said T'Ple, "thou doest not challenge Skor. Thee challenges all of Vulcan! No woman has ever fought for herself. What has not been, cannot be."

"What has not been, cannot be," repeated T'Irayne. "How often do you suppose Surak heard those words?"

"Dost thou dare compare thyself to Surak?!"

"I dare. I dare all, for I offer my life. Skor is stronger than I; he can probably kill me. A victory dispells the pon farr, and he will be free to choose another--one who would desire him in return."

"Skor burns with the blood fever. His strength is the strength of madness, but he does not think clearly now. Should you succeed in destroying your husband, T'Irayne, whose property would you become?"

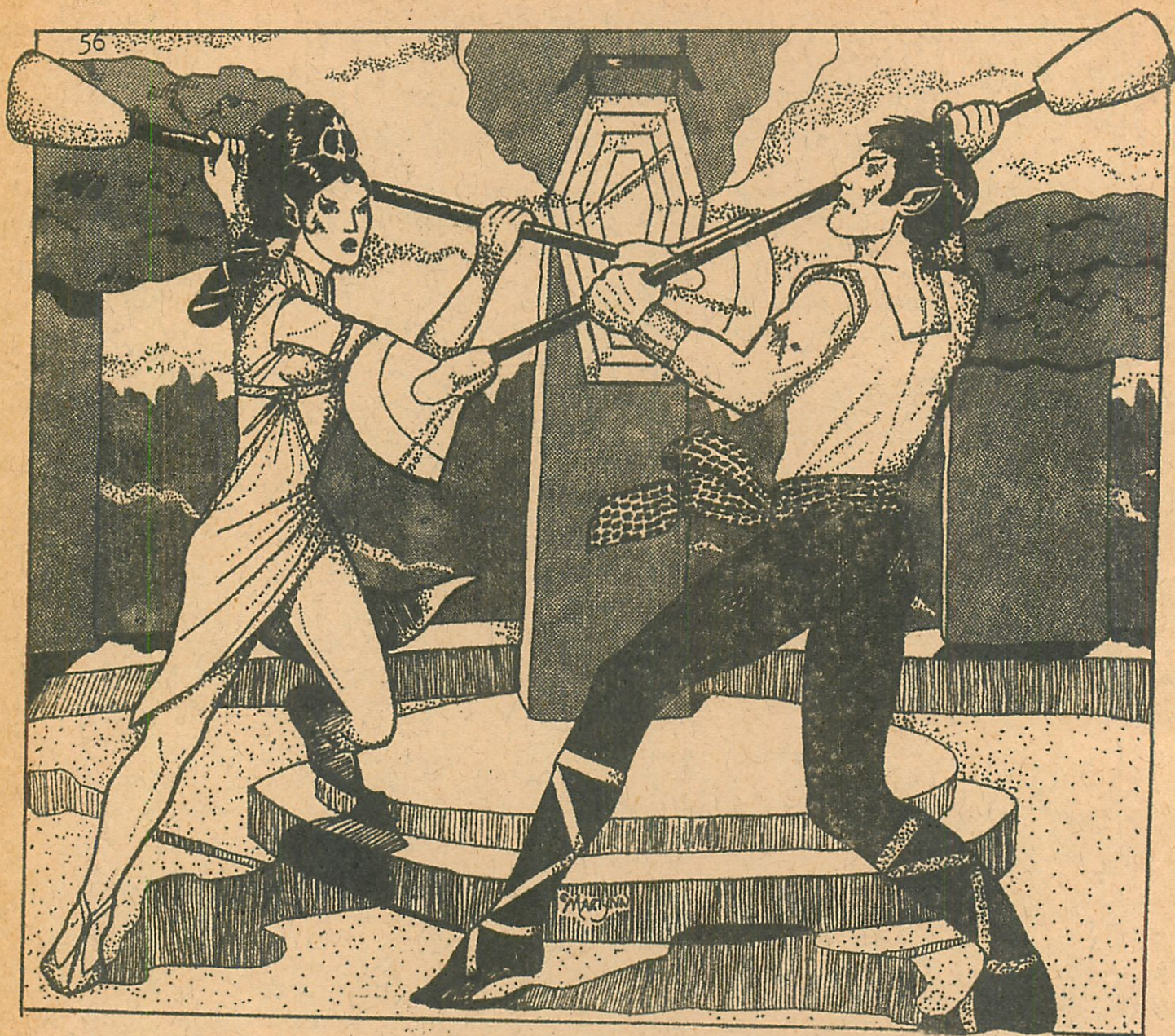
"My own!" she replied, "to bestow myself as I wish, if I wish!"

There was silence as everyone waited for T'Ple's judgment. T'Irayne looked around. Skor had gone into plak-tow, but he was not the only Vulcan whose raw emotion showed plainly in that arena. Not even Captain Watkins looked more shocked or worried than T'Irayne's and Skor's parents; the other witnesses, not so personally involved, showed varying degrees of surprise. Yes, she had truly challenged all of Vulcan.

At last T'Ple spoke. "There is no law forbidding thee to act as thine own champion," she said reluctantly. Then, resorting to formula, "Now begins the act of combat for . . . for the woman. T'Irayne. As it was at the Time of the Beginning, so it is now. Bring forth the weapons!"

T'Irayne accepted the lirpa handed to her, and was peripherally aware of the surprise among the Vulcans present when she hefted it correctly. She had not learned to use it on Vulcan, but at Star Fleet Academy.

She and Skor faced one another. In his eyes glowed the blood fever. They circled warily, hesitantly, and then, impatient,



T'Irayne swung her weapon experimentally, a deliberate miss. She had no real desire to harm Skor; he would have to begin the fight in earnest.

Skor sidestepped, and on her follow-through stepped in and knocked her feet out from under her with the ball-end of his lirpa. T'Irayne fell; resisting would have meant broken bones. The mass of Skor's heavy weapon made it impossible for him to recover quickly enough to turn and slice at T'Irayne with the blade-end while she was down.

Star Fleet defense training stood her in good stead. She somersaulted over her own weapon, rolling to her feet and turning to stand facing Skor once again. There was no doubt now--she could feel the fever burning in him, washing through her defenses. The blood-lust was in him; he would kill her if he could. The pure hatred emanating from him kindled a similar response in her; blood pounded in her ears, as a low growl rose in her throat. She wanted to kill!

Feinting with the ball-end, T'Irayne moved in on Skor's backstep, whirling her weapon high, so that the blade swung in over his upraised lirpa and caught his arm, cutting through his shirt, spraying sparkling drops of blood. The sight and smell of blood excited her and she closed on him, swinging the ball-end back to be parried by the shaft of Skor's weapon, rapidly reversing her swing so that the blade threatened again, only to be met and broken by the heavy ball of Skor's.

Quickly, T'Irayne, changed her grip on her weapon, grasping it just above the broken blade, swinging the heavy weight like a hammer, feeling already the sweet hot joy of crushing Skor's skull. But something stopped, froze her in mid-swing.

"Kroykah!"

Somewhere, ingrained in both Skor and T'Irayne, was obedience to that command. They stepped apart, and slowly T'Irayne gathered her senses to realize what was happening. Despite the strong blocks she tried to hold in place, the bonding was affecting her. In the midst of the fight she had been possessed by Skor's plak-tow, awakening the primal blood-lust inherent in every Vulcan. Even now, as she tried to force logical controls into place, she felt the thrill of knowing she had drawn first blood.

That should not have been. The heavy lirpa was a weapon which gave the advantage to the stronger fighter, obviously Skor. But T'Irayne was a trained soldier; Skor was a teacher, and had probably not touched a weapon since the required training in his youth.

The next round would be with the ahn-woon, giving T'Irayne the advantage. This weapon favored the quick and agile . . . and the practiced. As the weighted thongs were placed in her hands, she automatically distributed them into the proper position. If she could wrap the ahn-woon around Skor's throat, and tighten it from behind so that the strength of his hands could not break her grip, she would have him. Somewhere, a part of her protested the pleasure she felt at the thought . . . but her central consciousness was savoring the killer's instinct.

I am fighting for my life, she told the civilized part of her mind. Skor will kill me if he can. The protest subsided. Deliberately, T'Irayne allowed the blood fever to claim her totally, and leaped into the fray while Skor was still arranging his weapon. With a practiced flip, she twined her ahn-woon about his legs, bringing him crashing to the ground. From somewhere, however, he gained the presence of mind to pull his legs up, jerking T'Irayne, who still held one end of the ahn-woon, toward him--straight toward a two-legged kick in the gut if she had not twisted at the last moment to fall beside him. Still holding her weapon, she bounced to her knees. Yanking high the end of the strand she held, she rolled Skor away from her the moment his legs had straightened, tangling him in his own weapon at the same time that she pulled hers free.

The maneuver, however, wreaked havoc with the dress she wore--the koon-ut garment designed to be torn off with a single tug. Her knees had been on the hem, and when she straightened sharply to set Skor rolling, the front of the dress parted at the waist-line.

Ignoring the fragmenting of her clothing, she leaped upon Skor before he could untangle his own ahn-woon from his body, trying to wrap her weapon about his throat. But they were face to face, and he let his weapon go to reach up for her as she lunged at him, gripping her shoulders and tossing her viciously away.

Again, she fell unhurt, as she had learned in her Star Fleet training, and again she rolled up onto her feet--only to find her skirt, now having parted company entirely with her bodice, twined about her ankles, tripping her. Kicking as she fell, trying to tear it loose, she was reaching for it with her hands when Skor launched himself upon her bent back, his ahn-woon about her neck.

T'Irayne gasped and choked, using her weapon as a whip now, trying to lash at the man behind her. Hopelessly, she struggled, her efforts becoming weaker as he cut off her air. All she could see was Skor's face. He forced her to the ground and swung around to face her, straddling her as blackness closed in from the edges of her vision, drawing her focus to Skor's flaming eyes--the last thing she would see.

Despite her pain and her helplessness, T'Irayne knew she had made the right choice. She had risked death and lost. . . but she had taken the risk willingly. That was what counted. She gave herself up to blackness.

Just as blissful unconsciousness sought to woo her from her pain, a new, searing pain filled her lungs. Air filled her lungs in great, gasping pants as survival instinct made her breathe in spite of the agony in her throat.

As her vision cleared, she looked up into Skor's face,

"T'Irayne," he said. "T'Irayne! I cannot kill thee. Thou art my life! Live, T'Irayne!"

In spite of her best efforts, a groan was torn from her as he pulled her to a sitting position. Shaking off his feverish hands, she struggled to her knees, facing him, ready to scream with the agonized knowledge that her protest, her near-death, had been in vain. Then Skor's eyes, which had been glazed, focused on hers, and the flame in them died. Throwing his ahn-woon to one side, he said, "If you hate me so much, then do with me as you will."

Skor remained kneeling, head bowed in the position for tal-shaya, as T'Irayne climbed painfully to her feet. "I do not hate you, Skor," she managed to get out. "I simply do not wish to be bound to you." Her voice was coming back. "Are you. . . ? Look at me."

He looked up, and she saw that his eyes were normal, his coloring returning to a natural shade. She placed her hand on his forehead; there was no fever. "How do you feel?"

It took him a moment to realize exactly what she was asking. Then he said in almost normal tones, "The pon farr is dispelled."

"And our bonding is broken?"

"If . . . that is what you desire."

She held out her hands to him, drew him to his feet as he watched her warily. "I freely yield thee thy life, Skor, asking only that thee free me from my bond to thee," she improvised, fully aware that she was setting a precedent for generations to come.

Skor's composure was returning rapidly. With quiet dignity he replied, "I grant thee freedom from thy bond to me."

As the two central characters resumed their Vulcan attitudes, so did everyone else. But no one knew what to do next.

T'Irayne and Skor turned to T'Ple, as everyone else drew near to hear what she would say. Finally she spoke. "T'Irayne, for good or ill, thou hast this day graven thy name upon Vulcan history. What wilt thou do now?"

"I shall return to my duty with Star Fleet," She replied.

Then she turned to Skor, seeing the hurt deep in his eyes, although otherwise he had regained total composure. As she stood trying to think of what to say to him, her mother took off her cloak and handed it to Skor, who wrapped it around T'Irayne, covering the shreds of her marriage garment. The gesture was so

tender that her heart went out to him--he was victim now, as much as she would have been had she simply conceded to the marriage.

"Skor . . ." she began, not knowing how to explain to him why she had done this thing. "Please understand. I do not hate you. . . but . . . I do not know you."

The pain in the depths of his eyes became a question--a question she knew his dignity would not allow him to ask.

"Perhaps," she said, realizing that the question was just as painful for her, "perhaps we may now take the opportunity freely to learn to know one another." She saw the answering gleam of hope overcoming his pain, and continued rationally, logically, covering all the possibilities, "It may be that we will find that we would have chosen one another had we been free to do so. Or it may be that we will eventually choose others. You must choose, I know, but I now have the choice of remaining unmarried if I so desire. That is my desire for now, but I know not what the future may bring."

"May I come aboard your ship and learn of your work?" asked Skor.

"Captain?"

"Of course," said Watkins, her relief only too clear. "The crew is due for some shore leave anyway--might as well take it on Vulcan!"



NIGHTINGALE

WOMAN

A SONNET SEQUENCE

BY RUTH BERMAN

(A slightly shorter version of this sonnet sequence won first prize in the 1974 EQUICON PHINEAS TARBOLDE contest, in the "phinish Phineas" division. The shorter version is scheduled to be published in an Equicon booklet. Yed)

Sonnet sequences were popular late in the sixteenth century, when Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, and lesser writers wrote theirs, all in imitation of Petrarch. The sequence was supposed to describe the progress (or lack thereof) of a love affair. The vogue suddenly died, poets having gotten sick not only of poems comparing hair to golden wires and skin to alabaster, but sick of poems laughing at poems comparing hair to golden wires and skin to alabaster. Later poets, notably Milton and Wordsworth, revived the sonnet and even wrote groups of sonnets, but not the kind of stories-told-spasmodically-in-a-sequence which had characterized the Petrarchan imitations.

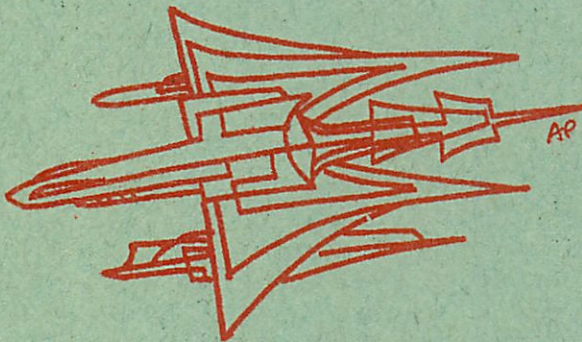
"Jug jug tereu" (lengthened to "jug jug tereu tereu" for metrical reasons) is the traditional representation of a nightingale's song in English poetry.

"Jug jug tereu--so rudely forc'd" is a quotation from T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland," partly of a description of nightingales following closely after a mention of Sweeney; in another poem, "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," Eliot wrote again about the essential brute creature defiling the beauty of the birds.

NIGHTINGALE WOMAN
a sonnet sequence

I

My love has wings, slender, feathered things,
With grace and upswept curve and tapered tip.
Soft and sliding underneath the grip
Of my bewildered, alien hands. She sings;
Curving tunes that bind my mind in rings
Of turning sound, soft silver notes that rip
My heart, though they are gentle as the dip
And swirl of brown and russet on her wings.
It is impossible that we should fit
Body to body, desire to desire.
My lips touch hers. She sings afresh,
Voice rising like the double moon that lit
Us through her trees. She steps from her attire,
Her wings spread wide, then close about my flesh.



II

I cannot fly. Without machinery
My people through all time have been earthbound.
I walk; my feet are heavy on the ground.
Only in water have I been half free.
I touch the soft wings of my love. When we
Were mating, how they threshed--as if she drowned
And fought against it, but the feathers' sound
Was soft as her own voice's harmony.
How should I understand what my love feels
When her wings act out flight as we embrace?
And yet I think I know, strange as it seems,
The same mixed joy, which stays, yet almost steals
Away, both longs and fears to meet love's face;
I've flown bright skies so many times--in dreams.

III

Jug jug tereu tereu--what poet fool
 Was he who first thought nightingales could chant
 Such throat-choked syllables, so harsh a rant,
 When he had heard those notes; silver and cool?
 He did not rhyme their song by rote or rule,
 But, hearthurt, his hand writing on the slant,
 Tried to inscribe them, but his record scant
 Misled his memory, and set the school.
 Jug jug indeed! That's not a nightingale,
 But let it be. It serves as souvenir,
 And reason can't set down that thoughtless strain.
 Though you sing sweeter, even you must fail
 In trying to match the nightingale by ear;
 You also have a worded, rational brain.

IV

Jug jug tereu tereu. If thoughtless song
 Can so recall to us both love and grief,
 And an uncaring singer bring relief
 To those heartsick, to those who've suffered wrong,
 And make it almost happiness to long
 For what is lacking; and can be time's thief
 To make the longest night seem bright and brief,
 And juggle with our woes, however strong,
 Then how much greater is the joy to hear
 The song whose meaning is not in the ear
 Of listener only, but is truly meant,
 Your wish and mind in equal concord blent.
 Sing, love. It's still so strange to know you care,
 That the love and longing you awake, you share.



V

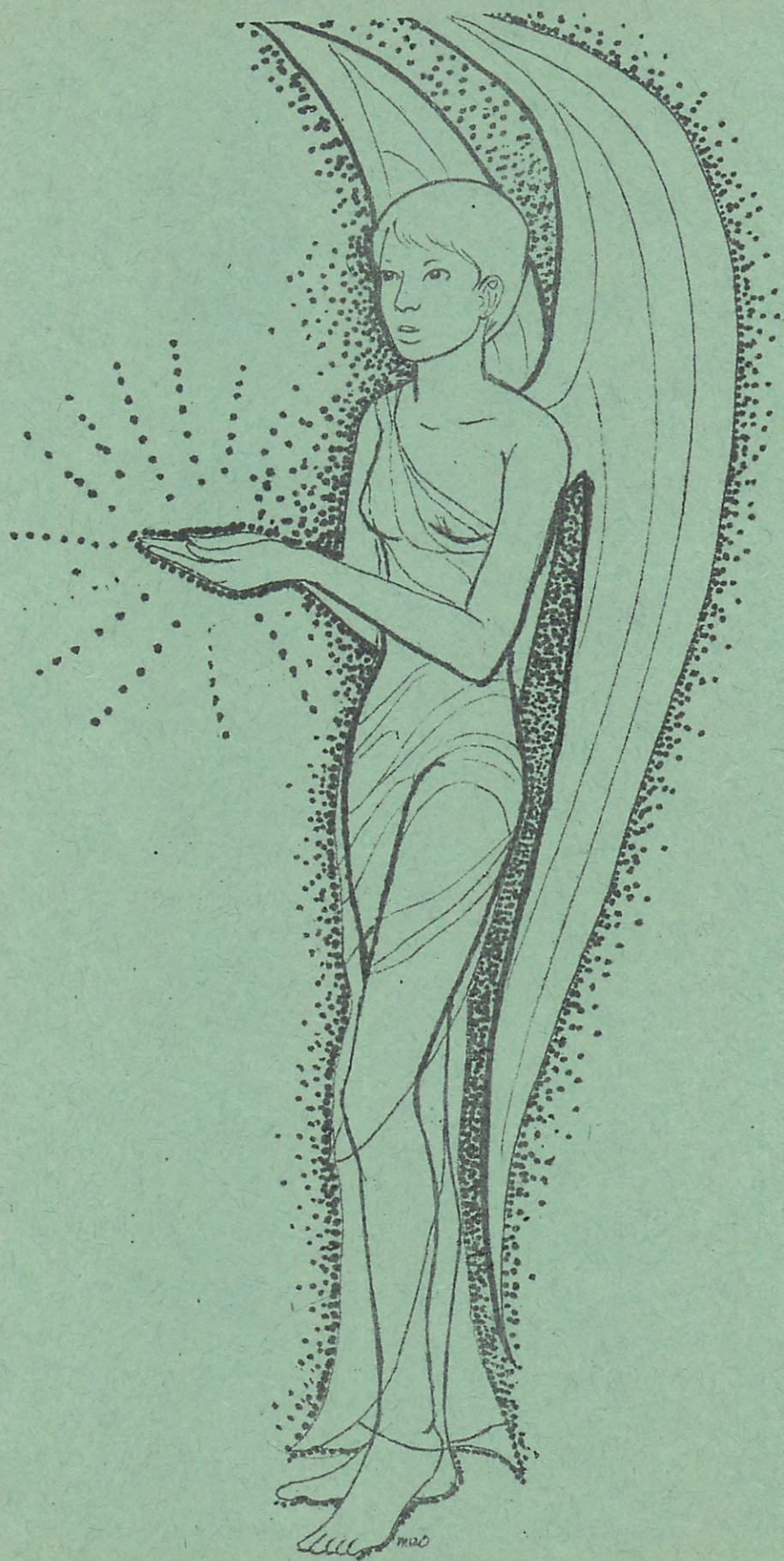
Jug jug tereu tereu--so rudely forced.
 Today I feel all Sweeney--clumsy, brute,
 Lost in the woods and careless of the fruit,
 Searching a road away and myself horsed.
 Apeneck Sweeney grabbing, soul remorse,
 But grabbing still, and tripping on each root,
 Because, myself unrooted, I can't suit
 With any world, or life. I am unsourced.
 Let me leave your gentle world of song,
 Where I can never catch a pun or joke,
 And only slow your cadence when I try.
 With you, in your wood, how can I go but wrong?
 How can you fly with me to weight the yoke?
 Let me leave. But--without you I die.

VI

Your world is not the same as mine. The ground
 Smells different, and the stars in your sky trace
 A different net of gold across deep space.
 I thought it was a world like most I'd found,
 Somewhere to stay awhile, and look around,
 And leave. Among the stars so many a place
 Is fair to see I would not hold my face
 Turned just to one nor listen to one sound.
 Your world is different. Well, so's every world,
 But yours shines brighter in my mind: it's home.
 I will not see your world again empearled
 Hanging in space, a gem against the sky.
 Within these limits I'm content to roam
 And watch you in the bright air when you fly.

VII

These bones so frail I fear to touch the skin
 Surrounding them, it's strange that they can bear
 The strain of holding you upon the air,
 When you leap starward, and your wings begin
 To beat the gentle air. The breezes spin
 Away beneath your wings. I stand and stare
 To see the stars eclipsed as you float there,
 Tree-high, your soft wings looking bubble-thin.
 But, insubstantial as you then appear,
 Your body's warm--feels solid next to mine.
 And which of these appearances is right?
 I do not know. I love you far and near:
 Bubble or body, always I define
 You as my life, at rest or in swift flight.



VIII

I thought I saw a feather on my hand,
 Rooted in the flesh and growing there
 As if it were a native like the hair.
 I thought, "So now it's come. The subtle band
 Which holds us tightens, as if we had planned
 To give each one the other's traits to share,
 Creating unity out of a pair:
 Alike in brain, in heart, in speech, in gland."
 Then I rebelled. I love to see you fly,
 Strange as that seems to you, and when I run
 You sing your "laughing and delighted" song.
 I struck my hands, gave out a mournful cry--
 The feather slid and fell off. It was one
 Of yours, not mine, though it seemed to belong.

IX

My chromosomes do not instruct my seed
 To flow out when I hear a nightingale.
 My flesh is not supposed to rise, but fail,
 Unless love over-ride its narrow creed.
 But how long can love last if it can't breed?
 Love in isolation is so frail.
 If we make nothing new, will love grow stale--
 Too dry to laugh, or lust, or feel the need?
 But children aren't the only offspring gendered.
 Not all that love creates is flesh and bone.
 When you sing songs, and when I write my rhyme,
 You are the father of what I have rendered
 Into verse; I'm father of the tone
 You shape to music in your labor's time.

X

When you, my winged grace, nest in your grave,
 And when (as I dare hope), I'm laid there, too,
 One remnant of our love there we will save:
 Your bones will hold me close, and I'll hold you.
 And when our bones are dust, this tape will last,
 And you and I survive on it to say:
 "This love was once, is not, but is not past.
 It lives in you who read it through today."
 And when our readers, in their turn, are dead,
 And no one knows to say, "Deep love lies there,"
 Yet still our souls will live in heaven, wed
 Forever, with eternity to share.
 And if these hopes are false--why, I don't mind.
 We loved each other in the time assigned.

The End

THE MAGIC TREE

BY PAULA SMITH

adapted from an old folktale for old folds

Once upon a time, in a far-off land beyond the Sea, there lived a prince, the only son of a great king. Now, the prince was as fair and handsome as the day, and as strong and wise as an eagle. But he was very sad, for he had no wife, and there was no woman in the kingdom fit for him to wed. So he went to his father the king, and told him of his desire to leave the kingdom to search the world for a bride. The king was saddened to hear this, but knew that it was necessary.

"Since you are determined to go, you may have my blessing. I also give you this magic crystal ring, which will grant you one wish in your time of greatest need," said the king.

So the prince and his servant named Raffine set out upon their way. Their path was long and took them over many a hill and vale. At last they met an old man sitting by the road.

"Where are you going and why?" asked the old man.

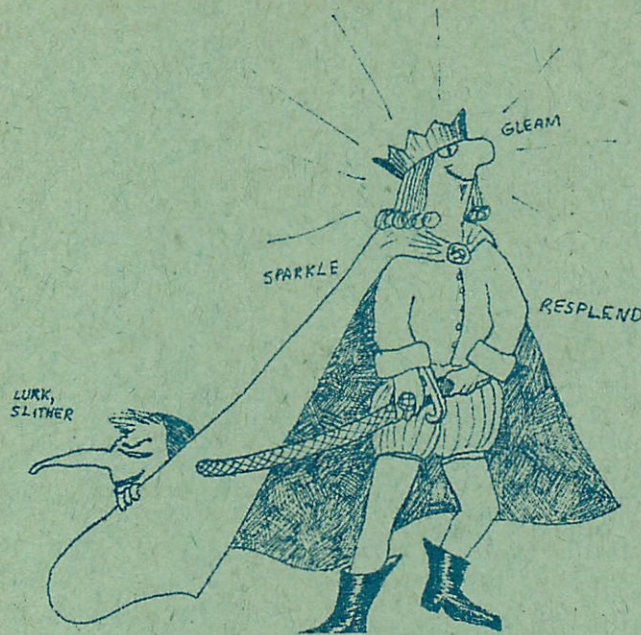
"I seek abroad for a wife, Gaffer Thomas," replied the prince.

"Take this; it is a salve that heals any wound," said the old man.

The prince thanked him and went on. Soon they came upon a poor man. "Where are you going and why?" he asked.

"I seek abroad for a wife, Poor Richard," replied the prince.

"Take this; it is a book which contains great knowledge," said the poor man.



The prince thanked him and went on. After a while, they came upon a rich man.

"Where are you going and why?" he asked.

"I seek abroad for a wife, Lord Harold," replied the prince.

"Take this; it is a sword to break through any barrier."

The prince thanked him and went on.

Now greed began to burn in the heart of Raffinc, and when the two were deep in a forest, he overcame the prince, and stole from him the magic salve, book and sword. Then he ran away, never to be seen again, leaving the prince alone in the woods.

"Now am I truly in great need," thought the prince, folding his hands in prayer. In so doing, he rubbed his father's crystal ring. Suddenly, there appeared out of thin air three men of wonderful appearance and strange garb.

"Who are you?" asked the prince.

"I am called Captin, and these are my friends, Spoc and Micoi. Are you troubled?" replied one of the strangers.

"I am searching for a wife to wed, but my servant has treacherously robbed and wounded me. I fear my quest must end, unless you can help me," said the prince.

"As for that," said the one called Micoi, "perhaps I can help." He laid his hands on the prince's wounds, and lo, they closed and disappeared.

The prince stood up, refreshed in body, though his heart was still troubled. "But I still must find a wife, and I do not know where to go," he said.

"As for that," said the one named Spoc, "perhaps I can help." He held his hands before him, then set off toward the setting sun. The company walked through the woods until they came to a tower encircled by a dense hedge. In the tower was a beautiful maiden.

"But I cannot pass the hedge," cried the prince.

"As for that," said Captin, "perhaps I can help." He waved his arm at the hedge, and the brambles burst into flame. Soon they could pass, and the prince rescued the maiden from the tower.

"O thank you, thank you, my friends. How can I repay you for your help?" said the prince.

"Give us the ring on your finger, for it is doubly precious to us," said Captin.

The prince readily complied. Then Captain cried aloud, "O Enterprise! Gil Daniels! Beam us up!" and the three disappeared.

Then the prince and the maiden journeyed back to his kingdom, where they were wed. And they lived happily ever after.



Fun and Games Dept.

Play Spot-the-Pun. There are, written in intentionally, nine crummy gags in this mess. See how many you can guess. (If more than nine, then I'm worse off than I thought.) P.S.



S E R E T ' S - D R E A M

BY CARA SHERMAN

IN MY DREAM I SAW THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN WHOSE HAIR WAS HALF-DARK AND HALF-LIGHT... ON HER HIP WAS A STARFORM... SHE SEEMED TO BECKON. AND THEN, TOWARDS A DISTANT RANGE OF CRAGGED HILLS, I SAW A GREAT NUMBER OF PEOPLE, NOT RUNNING, NOT HURRYING, MOVING OVER A CHASM ON A BRIDGE WHICH SEEMED MADE OF CRYSTAL...

I CONSULTED A DREAM-TELLER, WHO TOLD ME THAT THE MIND WARNS OF A SPLIT THAT WILL COME IN ME AND IN MY PEOPLE AS A RESULT OF THESE TEACHINGS, THAT SHALL BE GREATER THAN I HAD THOUGHT.

HANDBOOK FOR CASE OFFICERS

APPENDIX VI (TOP SECRET):

CYBORGS

Transcribed by: Lee Burwasser

Prelim: A cyborg is a complex and delicate personality. Although the exact opposite of an agent, operationally speaking, cyborg recruitment and handling is so much more like that of agents than like any other operation that the category is included here. The differences, however, are equally important.

A cyborg is a covert operative, not a spy. Instead of being a foreign national, a cyborg is recruited from one's own nationals, quite probably from within the agency. Instead of the normal linear operation, a cyborg is always run directly by his/her case officer. These, and other differences, make the recruiting and running of a cyborg somewhat different from the recruiting and running of an agent; nevertheless, the experienced case officer should find that experience useful in handling a cyborg.

The main body of this appendix is arranged in sections corresponding to the normal sequence of recruiting, running, and terminating an agent. This sequence is scrambled in the handling of a cyborg, owing to the peculiarities of a cyborg's situation. Departures from normal sequence are noted in the text.

I Spotting: There has never yet been a walk-in cyborg. No one volunteers. All cyborgs are bought or blackmailed or both.

(a) There is no way to predict or to draw up lists of primary, secondary, tertiary prospects. The only prospective cyborg is a competent and trustworthy individual, who has suffered massive disability that can be repaired only with bionics. Spotting a prospective cyborg is a matter of opportunity and nothing else.

II Evaluation: This is strictly a question of the prospect's qualifications; the means of blackmail is at hand and will be applied while evaluation is going on.

(a) The major qualification for a prospective cyborg is loyalty; can the prospect be trusted with bionic powers and knowledge of bionic technology? The second is a matter of psychological screening; is there any gross indication that the prospect will be unable to work as a covert operative, or to survive as a cyborg? Competence is the last qualification, and since the abilities of a cyborg are built into the bionic components, this too is psychological; given bionic abilities, will the prospect be able to use them whenever necessary and keep them under cover at all other times?

(b) Loyalty evaluation will be very like any other name-check-plus-security investigation. Enquires in the field must be delicately managed, since it is desirable to avoid calling attention to the prospective cyborg. Psychological evaluation is in the hands of whatever cleared specialist is chosen for the task. If possible, it should be some specialist who has worked with the prospect, and can be cleared for the information necessary to evaluate ability to survive as a cyborg, and willingness to utilize bionic ability as a covert operative.

(c) All cyborgs are ultimately blackmailed or bought. Once the prospect has been passed, a bionics team will be assigned and put to work, preferably before the prospect is permitted to recover consciousness. The prospect will not be asked, "Do you want--?" Rather, he/she is to be presented with a fait accompli, then asked, "Will you keep--?" The precise manner of presenting this question is covered in the next section; psychological evaluation, in addition to passing the prospect, should give some hints as to how the pitch would best be made.

III Recruiting: This area occurs out of sequence. The actual pitch comes after initial training (section Va.)

(a) The cyborg's trainers will be useful in making the pitch, but the case officer should be the pitchman if at all possible. This is in contrast to the recruiting of a foreign national as an agent; the dangers of a pitch going wrong are minute in comparison with the normal situation. Since the prospective cyborg is one of our own nationals, investigated for loyalty and probably one of the agency's personnel, the

pitch is aimed exclusively at getting the prospect to agree to be a cyborg.

(b) The initial pitch is to the prospect's political loyalty. After that, bring in sense of adventure, duty, professionalism, whatever else evaluation may have come up with. The final pitch is bionic blackmail: do you want to be crippled or whole? Since the pitch does not come until after the prospect has been fitted with prostheses and has adapted to them, it is, if properly presented, virtually impossible to reject.

(c) Emphasize that the technology involved is classified, and get a security oath from the prospect before insisting on an answer. This usually helps.

IV Testing: This area too is out of normal sequence. It follows later training (section Vb).

(a) Testing for loyalty will be nearly minor. Reliability is now the major concern: can the cyborg (1) do the work and (2) stay sane long enough to do it?

(b) Case officers need not put the cyborg through tests themselves, but must administer the final test for sanity. Expert opinion on the cyborg's mental and emotional stability are, in effect, preliminary screening; the cyborg's first mission is the deciding factor.

V Training: Primarily, training in living as a cyborg.

(a) Initial training: This area is moved up to just after evaluation (section II). It may well begin while evaluation is still going on. Initial training is entirely in the hands of the bionics team and the physical therapists, as it is en-



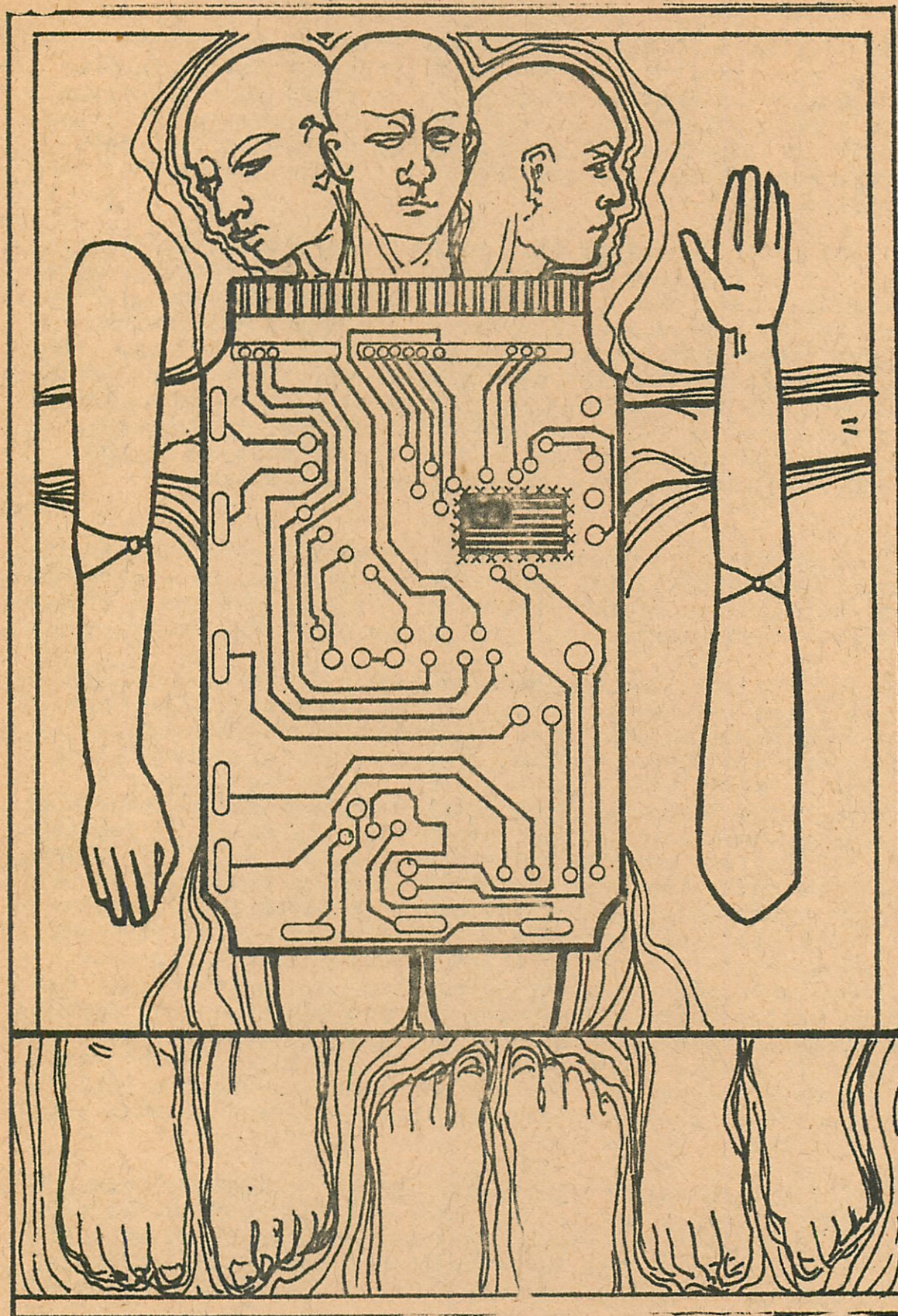
tirely a matter of getting well and learning to live as a cyborg, once the body has accepted the prostheses. In the later stages of initial training, the cyborg must be persuaded to accept cyborg status emotionally. Psychological rejection is as disastrous as physiological rejection. In this matter, the specialists may decide to invite the case officer to participate.

(b) Later training: This follows recruitment (section III.) It is entirely in the hands of the case officer, with the bionics team and the therapists to help as needed. This is where the cyborg learns covert operations, and the case officer learns the special abilities of his/her cyborg. Each cyborg is unique, and the case officer will have to be trained as well as the cyborg. This stage will be repeated whenever R&D comes up with new bionic techniques, and whenever the cyborg is so damaged as to need the attentions of the bionics team and/or the physical therapists again.

VI Handling: A cyborg should not accept cynical handling. If yours will accept it, shoot him/her at once. A cyborg that does not demand a close relationship with his/her case officer is gravely deteriorated and may become dangerous at any moment.

(a) The relationship between case officer and cyborg should begin as a cynical one. First, to prevent the case officer forming an emotional commitment too soon, before the cyborg has passed testing. Second, to force the cyborg to come to terms with himself. Very few cyborgs arrive at mission-ready status without passing through a "Frankenstein" period; at some point, they wonder just how human they still are. Therapists and psychiatric specialists do all they can to combat this, from the moment the bionics team goes to work, but the cyborg must ultimately convince himself, or he/she will be useless or dangerous as an operative. The best way to encourage this is to make the cyborg convince his case officer; make him force you to see him as a human being, and not a robot. This is virtually certain to form an emotional commitment between case officer and cyborg, leading inevitably to a shift to the buddy technique of handling. On the rare occasions when the shift is not spontaneous, the specialists must decide when and how to make the shift, and so advise the case officer.

(b) Cyborgs are as intricate and as delicately balanced individuals as any agent. The case officer must be, if anything, more alert for signs of disturbance than the case officer of an agent. It is, if anything, more vital to employ the right mixture of carrot-and-stick. Above all, the bal-



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ance of emotional attachment and ruthlessness must be carefully maintained; the case officer is in the position of repeatedly sending out a friend to be killed, and is in danger of becoming disturbed himself. This is the unavoidable price of securing a cyborg operative.

(c) Since cyborg and case officer train as a team, a changeover in case officers is to be avoided wherever possible. Since cyborgs are covert operatives rather than espionage agents, their case officers are usually able to run them from any station to which the case officer might be assigned. In fact, the case officer of a cyborg is most often placed in the Directorate of Science and Technology, and thus remains at home most of the time.

(d) A changeover in case officers is usually the result of the death, retirement, or temporary incapacity of the original case officer. In the last case, the changeover should be equally temporary, unless the cyborg's confidence in the case officer has been shaken by the situation. This may occur when the cyborg is not originally from the agency and lacks the company understanding of the normal work hazards of Clandestine Services. For a permanent changeover, a cyborg must be regarded as a highly sensitive agent; that is, the psychological and emotional needs of the cyborg have priority. Some cyborgs can be assigned to a young case officer; some can be assigned to a case officer who is already running another cyborg. Some will, in effect, choose their own replacement case officers, and in such a case, the cyborg's choice must be given careful consideration. Some will accept a replacement chosen by the original case officer.

(e) Whenever a changeover can be predicted in advance, the original case officer should bring his replacement and his cyborg together and train them as a team. In the few cases where a cyborg will accept it, the case officer should train a replacement whether changeover seems imminent or not. When the need for changeover is sudden and unforeseen, the specialists who originally trained and tested the cyborg will be called in to help in selecting the replacement, and to help the new case officer develop a working relationship with the cyborg. For this reason, among others, these specialists are kept in contact with their cyborg throughout his/her career. Whenever possible, the cyborg remains with the team that converted him/her, and is treated and retrained only by that team. This will have the additional benefit of diffusing the cyborg's emotional attachment among several people, allowing him/her to adjust to turnover within the team.

(f) A replacement case officer faces all the difficulties of a recruiting case officer, plus the problem of insinuating



himself into a close relationship. His/her best aid is the recruiting case officer; if replacement and cyborg are trained together before the cyborg loses the original case officer, a working relationship between replacement and cyborg can grow up gradually, without manipulation. If this course is not possible, the replacement must depend on the advice of specialists and his/her own good sense. Each cyborg is unique, bionically and psychologically; the only universal characteristic is a refusal to be taken by storm. No matter how quickly a cyborg may decide to like or not to like an acquaintance, no cyborg

will allow anyone to become close without a long probationary period. Becoming a cyborg makes a person hyperconscious of the value and vulnerability of friendship. Never try to push the relationship with a cyborg; insist only on being able to work together and let it grow without forcing from there.

VII Termination: Usually abrupt and violent. Cyborgs tend to die in the field.

(a) When a cyborg is killed, the body must be recovered or destroyed before the enemy can examine it. When a cyborg is so damaged that repair is impossible he/she must be brought home--alive if that can be managed, but no cyborg may fall into enemy hands while helpless. A few cyborgs will accept a self-destruct implant, but this cannot be forced upon any of them. It is not possible to make such an implant without the cyborg's knowledge, since each will be coming repeatedly under the hands of his/her original bionics team, who will inevitably find such an implant and equally inevitably will be "on his side" in the matter. This is unavoidable, due to the common motivations for going into bionics research. The case officer must accept the possibility that his/her cyborg may have to be killed by his/her own team. If the case officer can accept the duty himself, so much the better.

(b) If a cyborg is permanently incapacitated without irreparable damage, he/she goes to the bionics team for the last time to be restructured for normal life. If possible, he/she should be persuaded to remain with the agency in some other capacity. In any case, he/she must stay in contact with the agency to the extent necessary to preserve the secrecy of cyborg technology. The case officer is in charge

of termination procedure, and stays in touch with the cyborg afterward.

(c) If a cyborg deteriorates emotionally to the extent of becoming too dangerous to use, the case officer must deal with the situation, with the aid of the appropriate specialists as necessary. A disturbed cyborg is too dangerous for anyone else to approach. The case officer must accept the possibility that his/her cyborg will be too dangerous for him/her to approach. This is the only situation in which termination with extreme prejudice may be decided by someone other than the DCI; the case officer is in sole charge.

(d) If a cyborg kills his/her case officer, he/she is to be shot on sight.

(e) After successful termination, a cyborg remains to some extent the responsibility of the agency, for security reasons. A cyborg who is injured or ill is to be directed to an agency doctor, or to a cleared outside physician. Cyborgs are to be encouraged to remain within the social circle of the agency. On the death of a successfully terminated cyborg, a security officer is to handle the matter as the death of an agency employee living under cover. The cyborg's last case officer, if alive and not incapacitated, shares in this responsibility.

Recap: A cyborg operative must be recruited and run in a manner somewhat similar to the recruiting and running of foreign nationals as agents. This is due purely to the psychological difficulties of being a cyborg. There are three basic differences: (1) cyborgs are recruited from our own nationals, often from agency personnel (2) a cyborg is not an intelligence agent, but a covert operative (3) a cyborg operative has certain supernatural physical powers, and is constantly under severe emotional and psychological stress.



For this last reason, the relationship of cyborg to case officer must be one of permanent emotional commitment, if the cyborg is to be safely run. The security status of cyborg technology places still further demands on the case officer. As a result, the case officer must be prepared to maintain the relationship for as long as they and their cyborg are both alive.



ONE DAY AT WORLDCON

BY DEE BEETEM

Captain Kirk gazed in annoyance at the world in the view-screen. "It's just impossible. That planet shouldn't be there!"

His Vulcan science officer nodded. "In theory I agree with you, Captain. This sector was mapped four years ago, and this planet is not on our charts. Moreover, an M-type world cannot be expected in the system of an F-type star of this kind. However, the world is here, and inhabited. Obviously, we must seek out an explanation for it."

"Logical as usual, Mr. Spock," Kirk replied. "Lieutenant Uhura--are you picking up any broadcasts from the planet?"

The communications officer wrinkled her brow in puzzlement. "Several different radio and television stations are transmitting. But, sir--they're in English."

"Patch one onto the viewscreen," the captain ordered. The viewscreen shimmered into the image of a man and woman dancing a ballet. Strains of flute music filled the air. Kirk did a double-take as he noticed the male dancer's pointed ears and slanted eyebrows. He sneaked a glance over at Spock, whom he could not imagine--under any circumstances--in chartreuse tights. "Another channel, please."

The scene shifted. Against the background of a rock wall, a motherly-looking woman settled back in an armchair and said, "Today's story, children, is entitled, 'Leaf, by Niggle.'"

Lieutenant Uhura switched again as Captain Kirk asked ironically, "I hope, Mr. Spock, that you're recording all this?"

The next channel looked promising--a newscaster, an intense young man in pince-nez and a fur vest. "And now the news from Helium on the second day of Worldcon. The Hugo for Best Novel is on its third balloting, locked between Conan

Gilbert's GRAVITY WELL and favorite son Barliman Couch's FATAL FASCI-NATION. And now we take you to the Masquerade Ball, in progress."

On the screen, a large ballroom illuminated with many-colored lights was visible. A host of people--Kirk hoped they were all people--tricked out in furs, feathers, and metal, danced, strode, and slithered in and out of view. A huge cone of swirling black came into view behind a pink-haired, blue-skinned woman, who was elaborately not noticing the camera. A barbaric, bejewelled princess strolled by arm-in-arm with--a Gorn? "No help here, Lieutenant," observed Mr. Spock.

Another channel showed a panel discussion. A burly man in grey was speaking. ". . .no way you can live real life as if it were science fiction. I run a steamboat. Imagine what would happen if, like Captain Ahab, I gallivanted over the seas of Verne chasing the Great White Whale. And as for the U.S.S. Enterprise. . . remember "Catspaw"? Captain Kirk beams down practically his whole bridge crew down to the planet and leaves De Salle and that fuggheaded ensign of a Chekov to run the ship.

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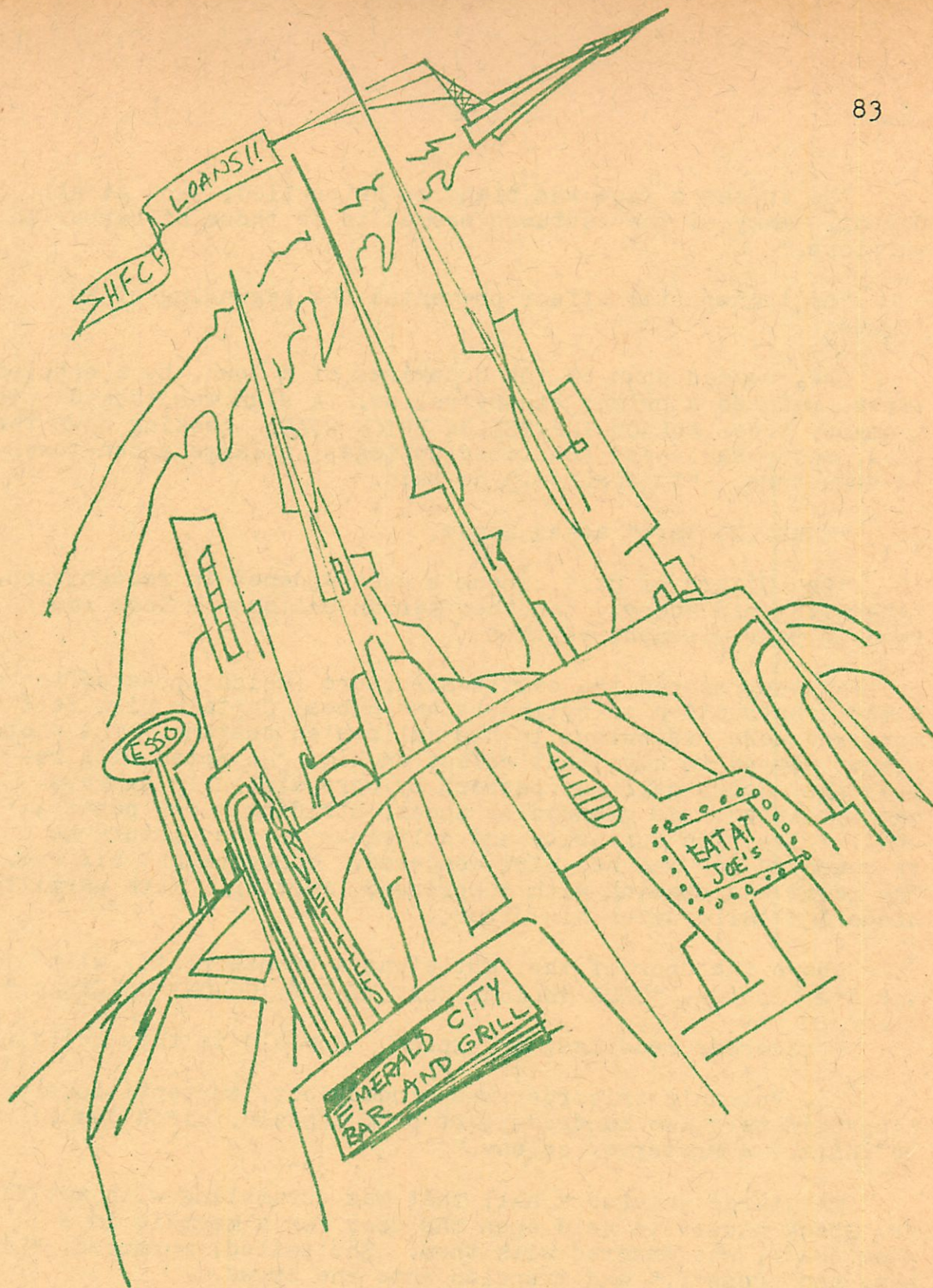
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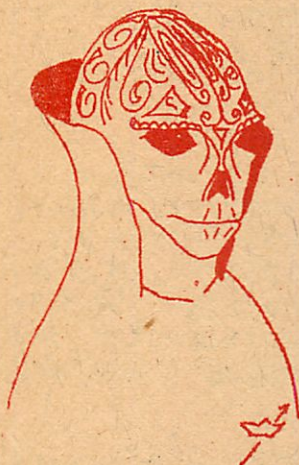
ance of emotional attachment and ruthlessness must be carefully maintained; the case officer is in the position of repeatedly sending out a friend to be killed, and is in danger of becoming disturbed himself. This is the unavoidable price of securing a cyborg operative.

(c) Since cyborg and case officer train as a team, a changeover in case officers is to be avoided wherever possible. Since cyborgs are covert operatives rather than espionage agents, their case officers are usually able to run them from any station to which the case officer might be assigned. In fact, the case officer of a cyborg is most often placed in the Directorate of Science and Technology, and thus remains at home most of the time.

(d) A changeover in case officers is usually the result of the death, retirement, or temporary incapacity of the original case officer. In the last case, the changeover should be equally temporary, unless the cyborg's confidence in the case officer has been shaken by the situation. This may occur when the cyborg is not originally from the agency and lacks the company understanding of the normal work hazards of Clandestine Services. For a permanent changeover, a cyborg must be regarded as a highly sensitive agent; that is, the psychological and emotional needs of the cyborg have priority. Some cyborgs can be assigned to a young case officer; some can be assigned to a case officer who is already running another cyborg. Some will, in effect, choose their own replacement case officers, and in such a case, the cyborg's choice must be given careful consideration. Some will accept a replacement chosen by the original case officer.

(e) Whenever a changeover can be predicted in advance, the original case officer should bring his replacement and his cyborg together and train them as a team. In the few cases where a cyborg will accept it, the case officer should train a replacement whether changeover seems imminent or not. When the need for changeover is sudden and unforeseen, the specialists who originally trained and tested the cyborg will be called in to help in selecting the replacement, and to help the new case officer develop a working relationship with the cyborg. For this reason, among others, these specialists are kept in contact with their cyborg throughout his/her career. Whenever possible, the cyborg remains with the team that converted him/her, and is treated and retrained only by that team. This will have the additional benefit of diffusing the cyborg's emotional attachment among several people, allowing him/her to adjust to turnover within the team.

(f) A replacement case officer faces all the difficulties of a recruiting case officer, plus the problem of insinuating



himself into a close relationship. His/her best aid is the recruiting case officer: if replacement and cyborg are trained together before the cyborg loses the original case officer, a working relationship between replacement and cyborg can grow up gradually, without manipulation. If this course is not possible, the replacement must depend on the advice of specialists and his/her own good sense. Each cyborg is unique, bionically and psychologically; the only universal characteristic is a refusal to be taken by storm. No matter how quickly a cyborg may decide to like or not to like an acquaintance, no cyborg

will allow anyone to become close without a long probationary period. Becoming a cyborg makes a person hyperconscious of the value and vulnerability of friendship. Never try to push the relationship with a cyborg; insist only on being able to work together and let it grow without forcing from there.

VII Termination: Usually abrupt and violent. Cyborgs tend to die in the field.

(a) When a cyborg is killed, the body must be recovered or destroyed before the enemy can examine it. When a cyborg is so damaged that repair is impossible he/she must be brought home--alive if that can be managed, but no cyborg may fall into enemy hands while helpless. A few cyborgs will accept a self-destruct implant, but this cannot be forced upon any of them. It is not possible to make such an implant without the cyborg's knowledge, since each will be coming repeatedly under the hands of his/her original bionics team, who will inevitably find such an implant and equally inevitably will be "on his side" in the matter. This is unavoidable, due to the common motivations for going into bionics research. The case officer must accept the possibility that his/her cyborg may have to be killed by his/her own team. If the case officer can accept the duty himself, so much the better.

(b) If a cyborg is permanently incapacitated without irreparable damage, he/she goes to the bionics team for the last time to be restructured for normal life. If possible, he/she should be persuaded to remain with the agency in some other capacity. In any case, he/she must stay in contact with the agency to the extent necessary to preserve the secrecy of cyborg technology. The case officer is in charge

of termination procedure, and stays in touch with the cyborg afterward.

(c) If a cyborg deteriorates emotionally to the extent of becoming too dangerous to use, the case officer must deal with the situation, with the aid of the appropriate specialists as necessary. A disturbed cyborg is too dangerous for anyone else to approach. The case officer must accept the possibility that his/her cyborg will be too dangerous for him/her to approach. This is the only situation in which termination with extreme prejudice may be decided by someone other than the DCI; the case officer is in sole charge.

(d) If a cyborg kills his/her case officer, he/she is to be shot on sight.

(e) After successful termination, a cyborg remains to some extent the responsibility of the agency, for security reasons. A cyborg who is injured or ill is to be directed to an agency doctor, or to a cleared outside physician. Cyborgs are to be encouraged to remain within the social circle of the agency. On the death of a successfully terminated cyborg, a security officer is to handle the matter as the death of an agency employee living under cover. The cyborg's last case officer, if alive and not incapacitated, shares in this responsibility.

Recap: A cyborg operative must be recruited and run in a manner somewhat similar to the recruiting and running of foreign nationals as agents. This is due purely to the psychological difficulties of being a cyborg. There are three basic differences; (1) cyborgs are recruited from our own nationals, often from agency personnel (2) a cyborg is not an intelligence agent, but a covert operative (3) a cyborg operative has certain supernormal physical powers, and is constantly under severe emotional and psychological stress.



For this last reason, the relationship of cyborg to case officer must be one of permanent emotional commitment, if the cyborg is to be safely run. The security status of cyborg technology places still further demands on the case officer. As a result, the case officer must be prepared to maintain the relationship for as long as they and their cyborg are both alive.



ONE DAY AT WORLDCON

BY DEE BEETEM

Captain Kirk gazed in annoyance at the world in the view-screen. "It's just impossible. That planet shouldn't be there!"

His Vulcan science officer nodded. "In theory I agree with you, Captain. This sector was mapped four years ago, and this planet is not on our charts. Moreover, an M-type world cannot be expected in the system of an F-type star of this kind. However, the world is here, and inhabited. Obviously, we must seek out an explanation for it."

"Logical as usual, Mr. Spock," Kirk replied. "Lieutenant Uhura--are you picking up any broadcasts from the planet?"

The communications officer wrinkled her brow in puzzlement. "Several different radio and television stations are transmitting. But, sir--they're in English."

"Patch one onto the viewscreen," the captain ordered. The viewscreen shimmered into the image of a man and woman dancing a ballet. Strains of flute music filled the air. Kirk did a double-take as he noticed the male dancer's pointed ears and slanted eyebrows. He sneaked a glance over at Spock, whom he could not imagine--under any circumstances--in chartreuse tights. "Another channel, please."

The scene shifted. Against the background of a rock wall, a motherly-looking woman settled back in an armchair and said, "Today's story, children, is entitled, 'Leaf, by Niggle.' "

Lieutenant Uhura switched again as Captain Kirk asked ironically, "I hope, Mr. Spock, that you're recording all this?"

The next channel looked promising--a newscaster, an intense young man in pince-nez and a fur vest. "And now the news from Helium on the second day of Worldcon. The Hugo for Best Novel is on its third balloting, locked between Conan

Gilbert's GRAVITY WELL and favorite son Barliman Couch's FATAL FASCI-NATION. And now we take you to the Masquerade Ball, in progress."

On the screen, a large ballroom illuminated with many-colored lights was visible. A host of people--Kirk hoped they were all people--tricked out in furs, feathers, and metal, danced, strode, and slithered in and out of view. A huge cone of swirling black came into view behind a pink-haired, blue-skinned woman, who was elaborately not noticing the camera. A barbaric, bejewelled princess strolled by arm-in-arm with--a Gorn? "No help here, Lieutenant," observed Mr. Spock.

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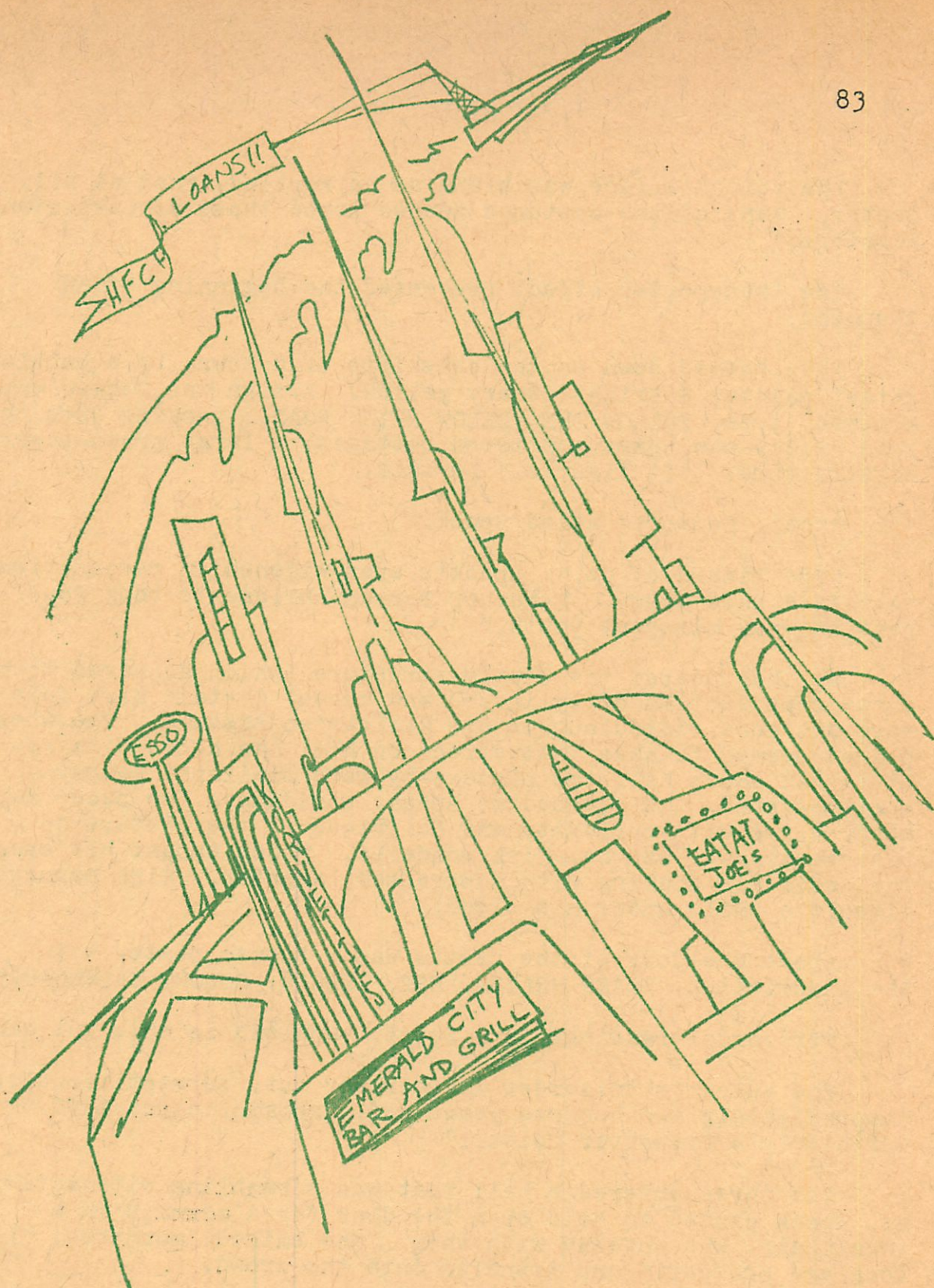
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"Some snarks are boojums. And some teddy bears have six-inch fangs," interrupted McCoy.

"Approximately."

They went their separate ways.

Spock turned down a corridor to the left. At the end of a short walk, past an arched doorway, he found a dining area festooned with garlands, and crammed with people.

As he stepped through the door, a voice behind him said, "Hi! I'm a carnivore."

Spock turned to see a young man in a Romulan Commander's uniform, with a Vulcan lirpa slung over his back. He was relieved to note that the "Romulan's" ears were unpointed. After a few seconds, he replied, "Accurately speaking, you are omnivorous, as are all of your species."

The young man smiled, and laboriously forced his fingers into a Vulcan salute. "Greetings and felicitations. I'm Gurney Vardeman." He paused for a moment. "Who are you?"

"Whom would you presume me to be?" Spock countered.

"Surak? . . . right. What are you doing on our humble planet, oh great Vulcan sage?" With a flourish, he motioned to a chair next to a nearby table, and sat down. Spock did likewise.

"Sociological studies of your planet. I find your world very puzzling, and quite different from my own."

"Puzzling?" said Gurney in honest astonishment. "What's puzzling about Verne?"

"Well . . . " Spock mused an instant--"the significance of your costume and weapon. That is no dummy blade."

"Oh, no. It's my dress axe. Society for Creative Anachronism, you know."

"Obviously a Vulcan would not," Spock replied. "And why are you wearing a Romulan uniform?"

"It's the fighting dress I've worn for years," the axeman answered. "Some of us are Greek, some German, others Scotch. But I like being Romulan."

Spock was still mulling that one over when he saw, over Vardeman's shoulder, a man in Klingon garb and makeup, with an unpleasant smile on his face, coming their way. "Kahless the Unforgettable," he thought, just as the Klingon stopped at their table.

Vardeman turned. "Beorn Carter, as I live, breathe, and bleed green."

"Commander Kahless, to you," the other replied, ". . . of the KDC. Say, who's your doomed friend?"

Gurney motioned in a sweeping wave at the 'Klingon' and said, "This is Beorn Carter. He's in my Geology Sodality on the West Coast." He, too, stared fixedly at Spock, whose eyebrows had risen to his hairline. "My doomed friend is Surak, on a sociological mission from the planet Vulcan."

"I mean really," interjected Carter. "I suddenly have an idea, and I'll need his help for it."

"My real name is Spock. I am, indeed, on a study assignment."

"You know, you look like him. But what I have in mind is --why don't we two put on a skit for the Masquerade Contest?" The Klingon was clutching his spear--a prop, this time--in a decidedly unnerving manner.

"Why?"

"For a number of logical reasons. To cement interplanetary relations, and observe this world's inhabitants in their native habitat. To spread truth and understanding, and the philosophy of the Vulcan Way to the known galaxy. But mostly, to win the Presentation Award." He whispered confidentially, ". . .and you know how Klingons like winning!"

"Sure the costume contest won't be saturated with Klingons?" Gurney Vardeman asked casually. "The world is full of Trekkies--ever since the Jump."

"You're a fine one to talk--Decius," retorted Carter.

"Commander's uniform, old son, commander's uniform--and don't dare ask which one. I found it ten whole years ago, in a musty palimpsest labelled THE NECRONOMICON. But I think it may have been THE STAR TREK TECHNICAL MANUAL."

"What's STAR TREK?" asked Spock innocently. "And what Jump?"

Beorn and Gurney both chortled for a time, and then, ignoring the question, "Kahless" continued, "Now for this one, we're going to need a Spock suit. . ."

Meanwhile, in the castle ballroom, Captain Kirk had been eyeing a seraphic young lady through his visor. She was wearing a spangled, filmy tunic, floppy pink wings, and a silver star on her forehead. The blonde angel was standing at the punch table, juggling four glass goblets in the air.



After a time he approached her. "Whatever is that--music --they're playing? It sounds utterly weird."

She consulted a program. "Mmm . . . let's see. Oh, yes. 'Nocturne on Mesklin,' by Arkady Ellison. Cymbals and dry ice on the Moog. Experimental, I presume."

"I hope so, Miss. . ."

"Eilonwy Zaharakis. You're from out of town, aren't you?"

"That's right. How do you know?"

"I'd recognize your voice if you were from Helium, and I don't," replied Eilonwy, patting the star on her forehead. "Elementary, my dear Watson."

Kirk asked, "Why do you call your city Helium? I'd think Oz would be a better name."

"What? Oh, you mean the green copper towers. That's cute, but the copper domes weren't always green. Helium was named after the Martian city, by an Edgar Rice Burroughs fan."

Kirk thought for a moment. "Burroughs wrote TARZAN OF THE APES, didn't he? You know, I just noticed--people are actually dancing to that music."

The girl tapped out a beat on his shield. "Of course, silly--it's dance music. Listen to the rhythm of the cymbals. Put the shield down and I'll show you, Sir Knight of the Red Cross."

As he moved out onto the floor, Kirk murmured, "Actually, I'm going incognito. But you can call me Jim."

Even without the shield, the captain found dancing the complicated steps difficult, not to mention the heavy chain mail an authenticity-prone Vulcan had specified for him. But, as time went on, he found his feet moving more competently to the scratchy music, and felt smug.

Then he looked down.

"What the devil!"

"Under the circumstances, Jim," Eilonwy answered, laughing, "don't you think that's a trifle inappropriate?" Her pink wings flapped.

They were floating five feet in the air. As he thrashed, they gradually sank to the ground.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," she chuckled, "I'll never do that again--unless I'm sure I can see the guy's face when he knows he's been had."

"HOW DID YOU DO THAT?" Kirk shouted.

"Don't shout!" Eilonwy chided. "You're attracting atten-

tion. The fact of it is--there are espers, and there are espers' espers. And I--am a telekinetic of the second group. In fact, I was one of the Feckless Forty-Three. Everyone makes a tiny little mistake now and then."

"What tiny little mistake?"

"Just because we brought Verne in too close to the sun and scorched things slightly for a while is no excuse for wanton criticism. Don't you like looking at the new constellations?"

"I love looking at new constellations," Kirk said sincerely. "But moving a planet sounds like a lot for psis to do."

"I thought so too. But how are you going to argue?"

"Eilonwy, dear girl," said Kirk, "there's a very important question I'd like to ask you."

"If it's matrimony, I'm busy tonight. Maybe tomorrow."

"That's not it. Have you ever heard of a starship called the Enterprise?"

"Enterprise . . . Enterprise. Oh, yes. Mr. Spock. Captain Kirk. Star Fleet and all that. Sure."

"Now, Eilonwy," he said earnestly. "This is the important part. Where?"

"At the Film Festival at Atlanticon. They were showing old STAR TREK films. I remember . . . "Amok Time" was running at the very moment the Feckless Forty-Three glommed."

"How would you like some punch? I'll get you some." Before she could reply, he was on his way. In a secluded corner, he took out his communicator. "Enterprise? Come in, Enterprise."

McCoy had wandered down the same hall they'd entered. It was full of tables covered with merchandise. Signs posted conspicuously here and there on the wall stated: HUCKSTER ROOM. RIP-OFFS DEFENESTRATED.

They certainly seemed to be vending everything. On the various tables the doctor saw jewelry, books, potted plants, cupcakes--everything under the sun. He was nearly to the end of the hall, trying to decide between circling back and ART SHOW WEST COURTYARD, when he heard a piercing whistle, and turned in its direction. An auburn-haired lad at a booth was waving a large doll at him. The doll had a red nose and a costume almost identical to McCoy's own. Fascinated, McCoy drew nearer.



"Free Leif the Lucky from involuntary servitude," the boy suggested. "Four credits. All profits to the Neffer Fund."

"Sorry, no," McCoy answered. "What's the Neffer Fund?"

"Confidentially," the boy answered, leaning over the table of dolls, "we're building a gigantic cupcake. The National Federation of Fantasy Fans always puts up a booth likt this to make a few honest credits. I, by the way, am Korak Cazedessus, son of the First Speaker of the Federation Council. Welcome to Worldcon."

"Worldcon. . ." McCoy snapped his fingers. "That's short for convention. As in political convention."

Korak snorted unbelievably. "You don't mean that you just now figured that out?"

"I thought it was short for conglomeration," McCoy answered with dignity. Suddenly something caught his eye. The booth was crammed with toys and knickknacks of all sorts. In

a corner, among a group of wildly disparate spaceship models, he saw--"The Enterprise!"

"What? Oh, there. Sure, unless it's the Saratoga. No, you're right, 'Enterprise NCC 1701' painted right on it."

"And where, blast it, asked McCoy exasperatedly, "did your jolly toymakers get the model?"

"You must've seen an old STAR TREK film before. No? Read a script? Or a Blishbook or an ancient crusty fanzine?" Korak slapped his hands together in annoyance. "I've got it. You're a reincarnation of DeForest Kelley, and get astral vibrations from him."

"Who was DeForest Kelley?" asked McCoy. He suspected that the answer would not do him any good.

"The actor who played Dr. McCoy, the Enterprise's medic, two centuries ago back on Old Earth. On the television show, STAR TREK."

"You think I look like Dr. McCoy? That's ridiculous. Have you any more STAR TREK articles?"

"Let's check." The young salesman scabbled through heaps. "Other models--Klingon warships. Then of course there are the dolls." He held up one made of green plush. "My niece has one just like this. Takes it to bed with her every night."

McCoy, staring at it fixedly, said, "Funny. That's the second Gorn I've seen today. Haven't got any money with me right now--maybe I'll come back later." The doctor left hurriedly. Examining his reflection in some metal panelling, he sighed. "Uncanny resemblance."

The transporter sparkled briefly and returned three figures to the Enterprise. Lieutenant Commander Scott, at the controls, asked, "Well, sir? Have ye made any sense out of the planet?"

"I don't know yet, Scotty," replied Kirk, who was already striding toward the door. "We'll have to compare notes. Have the section chiefs meet me in the briefing room."

A female yeoman was walking down the hall with a tray. She had managed to approach the three closely without looking up, and suddenly saw them.

"Yeep!"

The tray dropped from her hands. In some embarrassment, she started picking up dishes and bits of salad. The Captain observed her ruefully, then ordered, "Correction. First we change back

into uniform, then we meet with the section chiefs in the briefing room."

When the landing party entered the briefing room, a brisk discussion was already under way. "Captain, you won't believe this, but---" said Thompson of Earth Sciences, "---according to shape of landmasses and planetary crust composition, this planet is Tau Ceti II."

"But that's---wait." As the three seated themselves, the captain said, "From what I found out, a 'Jump' occurred some years ago in which an element of the population with psi powers moved their world to its present location. But since Tau Ceti II is still in its normal position, their planet must have come from somewhere else."

Spock suggested, "The psi that moved them spatially must have transferred them to a parallel universe. There are precedents. That would still leave the problem of their evidently voluminous information about us."

"The source of their information," McCoy said, "is films they have from Earth. An old science fiction television show, called STAR TREK, evidently about the Enterprise."

"They moved their planet by psi power?" Lieutenant Commander Wittekind of Life Sciences asked in agitation. "That would make them incredibly dangerous--especially if they don't like off-worlders."



"Of course," replied McCoy, "I'm no specialist in behavioral psychology like you, Wittekind, but offhand, I'd say these people aren't xenophobes. This is the only planet I've ever heard of where green plush Gorns are sold as teddy bear surrogates."

"I, of course, bow to your more complete data," said Wittekind stiffly.

"You have brought up a problem, Doctor," interjected Spock, who had been studying the planet's geological analysis. "As you know, Captain, this world is approximately

27.342 light years from Romulan space. If it were contacted by Romulans, its reaction would, presumably, be enthusiastic. I encountered a young man on the planet who has spent most of his adult life masquerading as a Romulan. These people are in a dangerously unprotected position until the difference between truth and fiction is pointed out to them."

"I take it then, Spock," said Kirk, "that you recommend contact with these people?"

"Yes, sir. Might I also point out that this planet is quite possibly eligible for Federation membership?"

"National Federation of Fantasy Fans," muttered McCoy.

"What, Doctor?" asked Spock incredulously.

"Their government," explained McCoy.

"So," said the captain, "our mission is now to contact Verne and convince them we're real. A rather difficult task."

"Indeed," agreed Spock. "Anyone credulous enough to easily believe such an impossible story would hardly be in a responsible government position."

"I have a suggestion," said McCoy. "I met a young man who's the son of their Federation First Speaker. He might be able to introduce us to his father."

"Gentlemen," said Kirk, "this time we go in Star Fleet uniform, as representatives of the Federation. Bones, where did you meet that young man?"

"At a booth in the Huckster Room. He's the one who tried to sell me a plush Gorn."

"That won't help. But we'll try."

The three beamed down again. Spock had suggested materializing



in a conspicuous place, to convince the natives, but Kirk had vetoed the idea, out of native caution and residual suspicion. McCoy led them to the booth of the red-haired young man. This time, the three were interested to note, they were given considerable attention by passers-by, and occasional applause.

Korak Cazedessus' first reaction, when they came up to his booth, was to raise one eyebrow quizzically and inquire of Spock, "Want to buy any wind chimes?"

Kirk pushed himself forward and said, "We've got to see the First Speaker. We're on Federation business."

Korak choked slightly, and said, "You know, I don't think I want to ask about that one. All right, I can get you to see my father. But later, will you tell me how you managed the faces?"

The captain agreed. "Cross my heart and hope to die. How soon can we go?"

After closing and locking the booth windows, putting a sign up that said: TIME WARP. BACK AT O'CLOCK in a prominent place, they were off, down the corridor and up an apparently interminable number of flights of stairs.

Eventually, they found themselves in front of a wooden door at the very top of a castle tower. Waiting until Dr. McCoy caught up, Korak rapped smartly on the door.

The door squeaked open. In the doorway was a girl--perhaps fourteen--in a black print dress. "Now what, Double-K?" she asked Korak.

"My sister Poddy," explained the young man. Turning to his sister, he asked, "Dad in? We're on Federation business. These three are Captain Kirk, Doctor McCoy, and Mister Spock."

"Who?"

Korak drew himself up. "You remember the old fanzine that I told you wasn't suitable for young children to read? You read it anyway, and had nightmares about whipping for weeks. That Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and Dr. McCoy."

The door nearly slammed shut, but Korak held it open with his foot. From behind the door came a high-pitched voice, "I'm an official secretary to the First Speaker. I won't put up with your sadistic practical jokes while I'm working."

A short scuffle with the door followed. Suddenly, a white-haired man appeared at the door, said to the members of the landing party, "Excuse us. Family squabble," and to the two siblings, "You two clear ether. Let me talk to these people in peace."



Poddy was pushed out the door, and she and her brother proceeded down the steps. As he was disappearing around a bend in the staircase, Korak poked his head back up and cheerfully advised, "May random chance be in your favor. . .Ow! Hey, cut it, Poddy."

The three were ushered into the tower room by the First Speaker. It was small, and dominated by an enormous Victorian-style desk. The stone walls were covered with paintings, most of alien scenes, except where an ironworked balcony jutted out. The First Speaker sank into an overstuffed chair; his guests seated themselves also. Korak's father, resplendent in a purple cutaway, knitted his fingers together and spoke. "I'm First Speaker Cazedessus. What's your business?"

Kirk glanced at the others, cleared his throat, and began. "You have perhaps noticed our resemblance to Captain Kirk, Mister Spock, and Doctor McCoy?"

"And a remarkably good resemblance it is, too," said the First Speaker appreciatively.

"The reason for this," the captain continued nervously, "is that we are those people. Really."

"Oh, come o--"

"Hear me out," Kirk commanded. "Your Jump propelled you into a parallel universe. One in which we are real. We're forced to contact you because you're only twenty-five light years from Romulan space. You've heard of Romulans, I assume."

The First Speaker's eyes glinted with excitement. "Then you're here---you're here---because you want our dilithium crystals!!!"

Kirk smiled sweetly--more sweetly--reverse power. "YOU HAVE NO DILITHIUM CRYSTALS, DAMMIT. THIS IS REAL!" He gritted his teeth and whipped out his communicator. "That does it. Four to beam up." There was just time for the captain to see simultaneous amazement on the faces of his science officer and the First Speaker, Spock's at the irregularity of the action, Cazedessus's at the sound of Scotty's "Aye, sir."

In the transporter room, the First Speaker opened and closed his mouth rapidly and made strangled noises. Kirk felt fine. He asked politely, "Mr. First Speaker, perhaps you would like to see the bridge?" and prodded him diplomatically toward the turbo-lift.

As they ascended, Cazedessus said in a moderately calm voice, "The last time anyone wrote about the Enterprise visiting Verne, we were supposed to be menaced by Space Scum. I hope there's nothing like that around."

"Space Scum?" asked McCoy, who seemed to have recovered from Verne more rapidly than the other two.

"Invading algae. Of course, it was just--"

"Science fiction," chorused three voices simultaneously. Kirk, Spock, and McCoy all looked a trifle embarrassed as the bridge door opened.

As he gazed around the bridge and finally goggled at the viewscreen, Cazedessus commented, "In case you're wondering, Captain--I'm convinced."

"Thank you," said Kirk fervently.

The First Speaker continued, "I had better inform my planet of this, Captain."

Captain Kirk nodded assent to Lieutenant Uhura, who said, "I can cut into your communications channels whenever you're ready, sir."

Cazedessus sighed. "Well, now's as good a time as any. . . Am I on? People of Verne--this is not, repeat NOT, a War of the Worlds broadcast. My statement is actual, literal truth that will soon be backed up by tangible proof. We have visitors. . . ."

The ship had warped out of orbit into space--beautiful, empty space. Spock walked slowly down the corridors of Engineering Section, glad to be home. The Vernes would be sent trained contact teams soon, who would be able to handle the situation much better.

The convention parties had been unimaginable. Strange odors floating throughout, a hundred peculiar liquid concoctions--fortunately, no one had managed to stumble onto a Vulcan intoxicant. They had tried.

And there had been young women with a most unnerving experimental bent, their biological knowledge shockingly lacking. Even amongst humans, there was no way of ascertaining virginity in the male. Spock frowned. Perhaps it would be best to double-check through the medical computers.

Above his head, something slithered. As he looked up to the Jeffries Tube, a smothered voice said hollowly, "For the love of God, Montresor!"

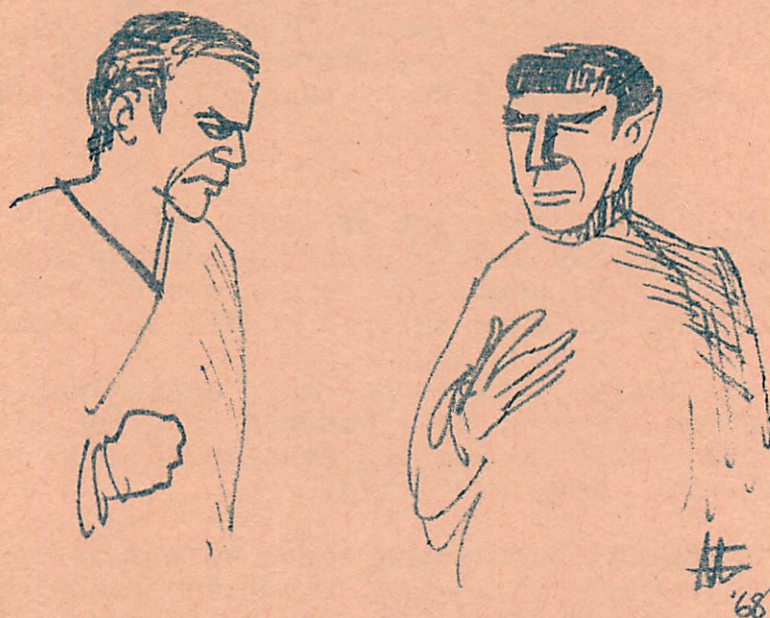
"How did you get here?" Spock demanded unpleasantly of the three Vernes. Gurney Vardeman, Eilonwy Zaharakis, and Korak Cazedessus exchanged looks.

Finally Korak spoke. "Fans are slans."

"There were traditional methods of dealing with stowaways on ancient Terra, I believe," Spock frowned, and raised an eyebrow. "Star Fleet does not use them." He sighed--imperceptibly--and added, "You will have to report to the captain."

As he led them down the hall, someone was humming faintly. "La da Da--Da dada de Da--De DAH!"

IT IS ILLOGICAL TO GIVE
MY COMMAND TO A WHITE
BEAGLE!



LOVING
by Nancy Giudice

I have loved some men and women,
a few,
Whose lives were bright and lovely
and true;
And though they never loved me
or knew
Love makes the lover richer;
I grew.

